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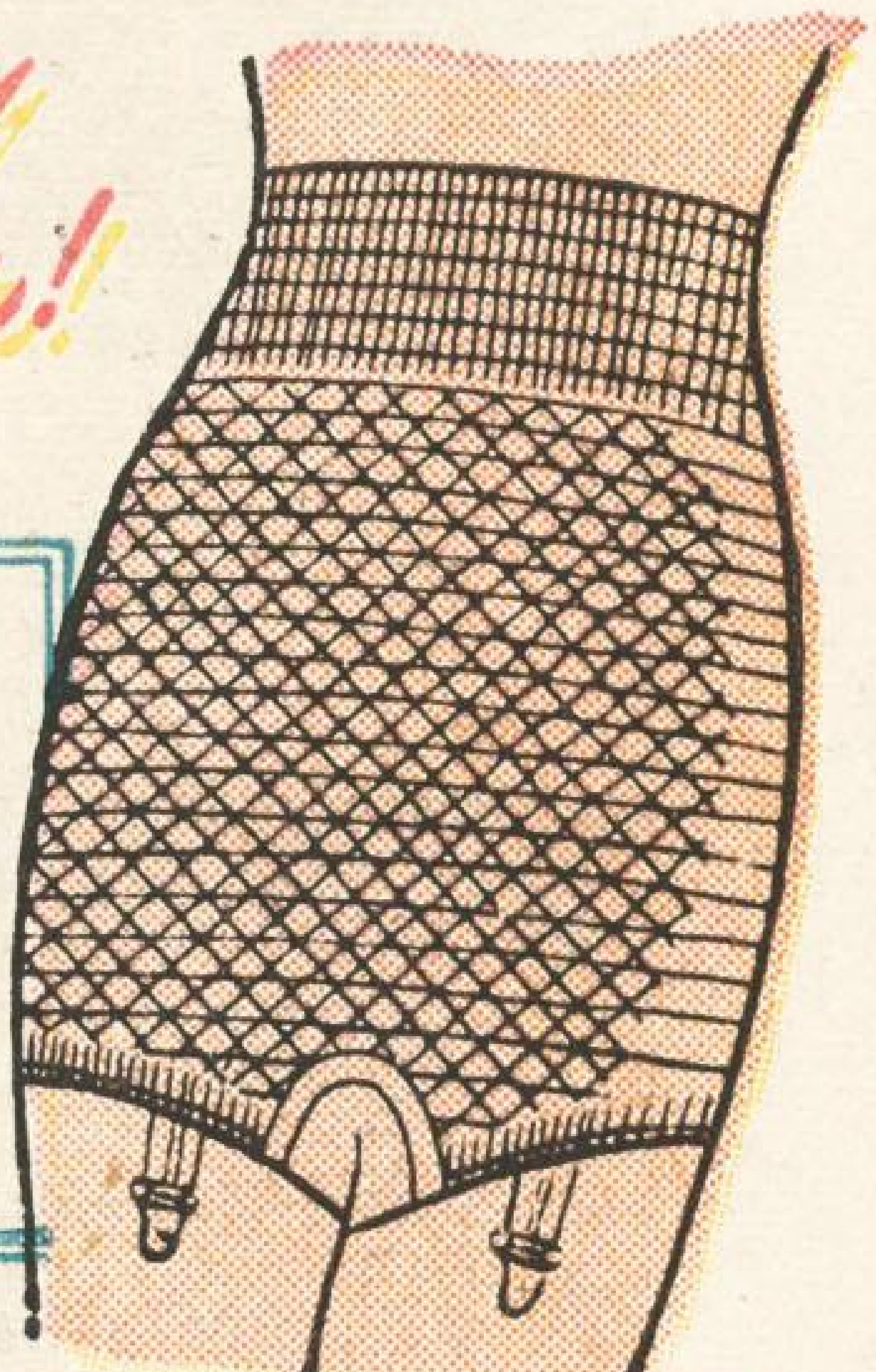

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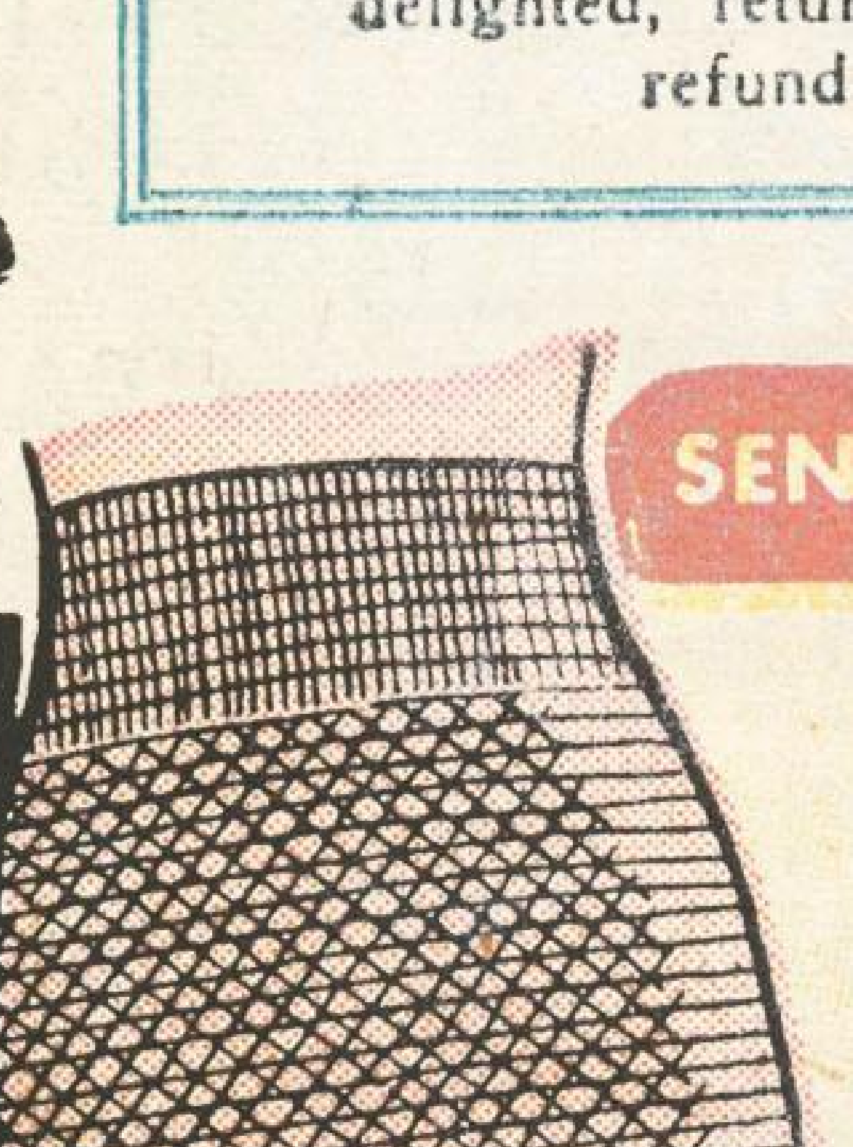

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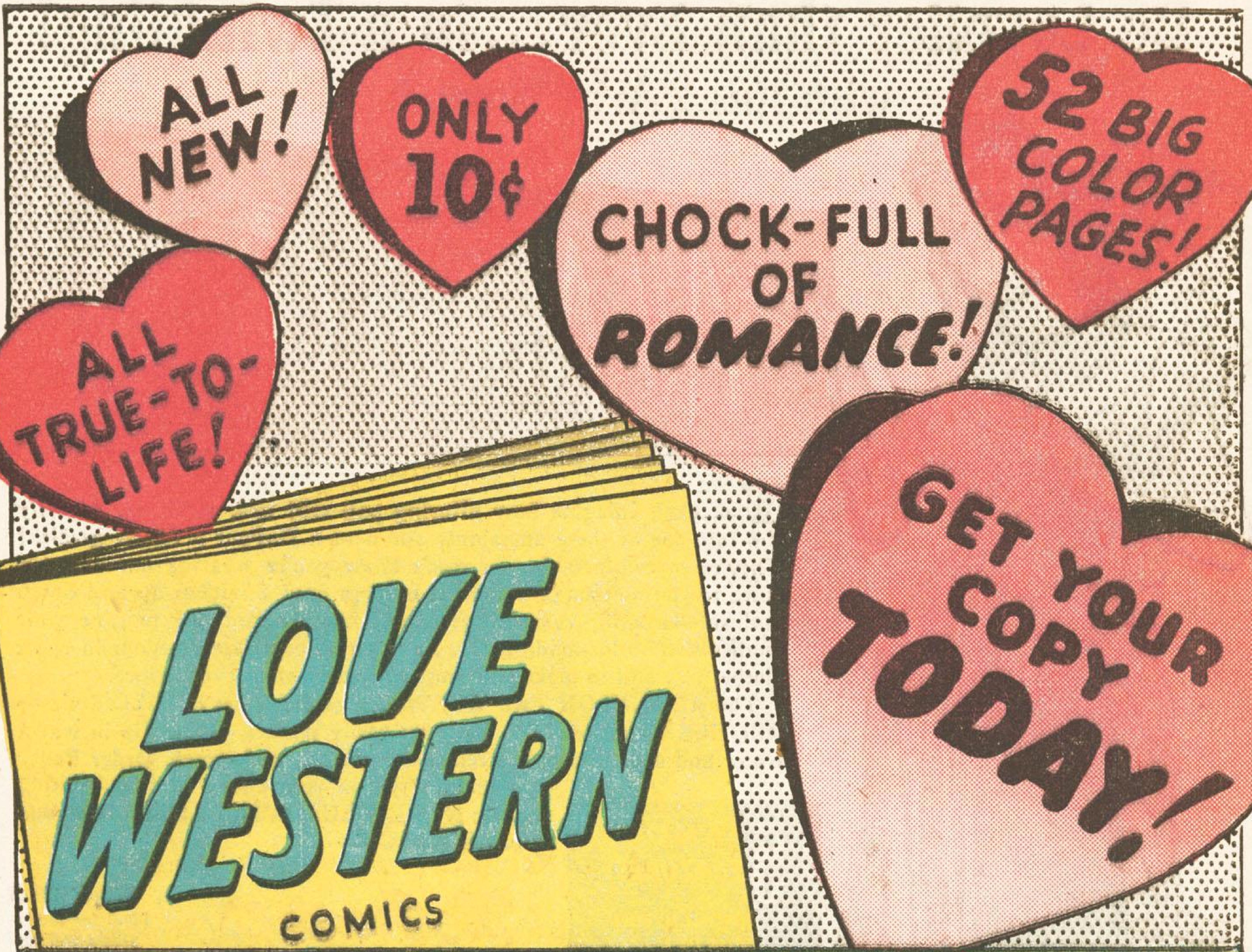
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Miss America

TABLE OF CONTENTS

FICTION

NAUTICALLY YOURS..............14
by TRIPP HAMMOND
WHICH TWIN IS TAFFY?........26
by HOPE VALENTINE
MY LONELY LOVE...........34
by JANE F. PHILPY

COMICS

PATSY WALKER
BEAUTY ON THE BEACH........6
ROMANCE
FOR THE LOVE OF MONICA....20
PATSY WALKER
HER ROMANTIC ROLE 44

FEATURES

STITCHIN' TIME...........19
CHARM CORNER.........32
FOR GIRLS ONLY.............40
WHIZZ QUIZZ...42

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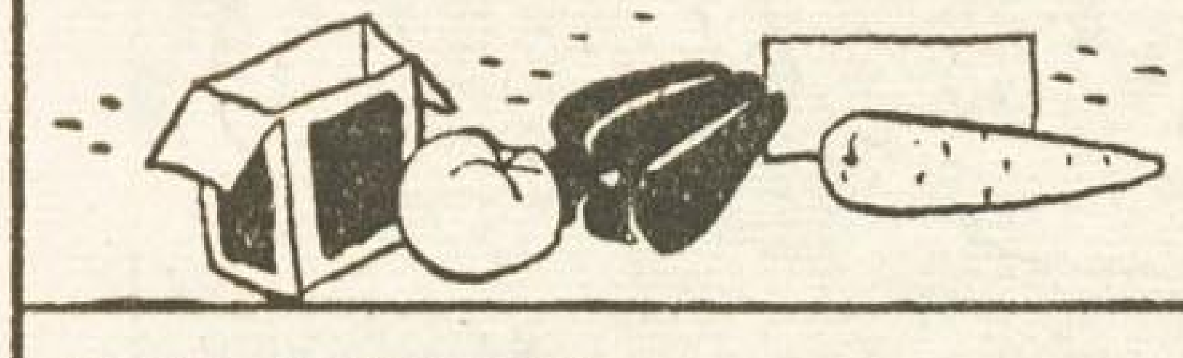
FOOD FOR FUN

MIGHTY MUSHROOMS . . .

To glamourize a roast, add tomatoes stuffed with mushrooms around the edge of the platter. Or, they make wonderful meatless meals by themselves.

Peel six large tomatoes, cut off stem ends, scoop out, salt inside and drain. Melt 1½ tablespoons of butter in a pan and as soon as butter begins to brown, add two tablespoons of finely-chopped green pepper. Let simmer, then add the tomato pulp and juice which have been pressed through a sieve. Add this to ½ of a cup of mushrooms, which have been browned in butter and chopped. Combine with the pepper-butter mixture, season with salt and pepper and a whiff of marjoram and basil.

Fill the tomatoes with this mixture and put them in buttered muffin cups. Sprinkle with bread crumbs, dot with butter and then bake in a moderate oven for about 30 minutes.



HOT CHICKEN . . .

When you're in the mood for a snack, you'll want to try this delicious hot chicken sandwich.

Heat a slice of chicken in gravy and place it between two slices of buttered bread cut about 1/3 of an inch thick. Saute and slice ½ of a pound of mushrooms, and add, with ¼ of a cup of minced chives, to additional gravy. Smother the sandwich with gravy and serve.

TRUE OR FALSE?

A girl's smart to keep a secret!

TRUE: To keep friends friendly, and admirers admiring, keep silent on things told you in confidence.

That's only *one* hint on how to be your most attractive self. For a gold mine of hints on how to be at your best even on "those days," get the Modess book, "Growing Up and Liking It."

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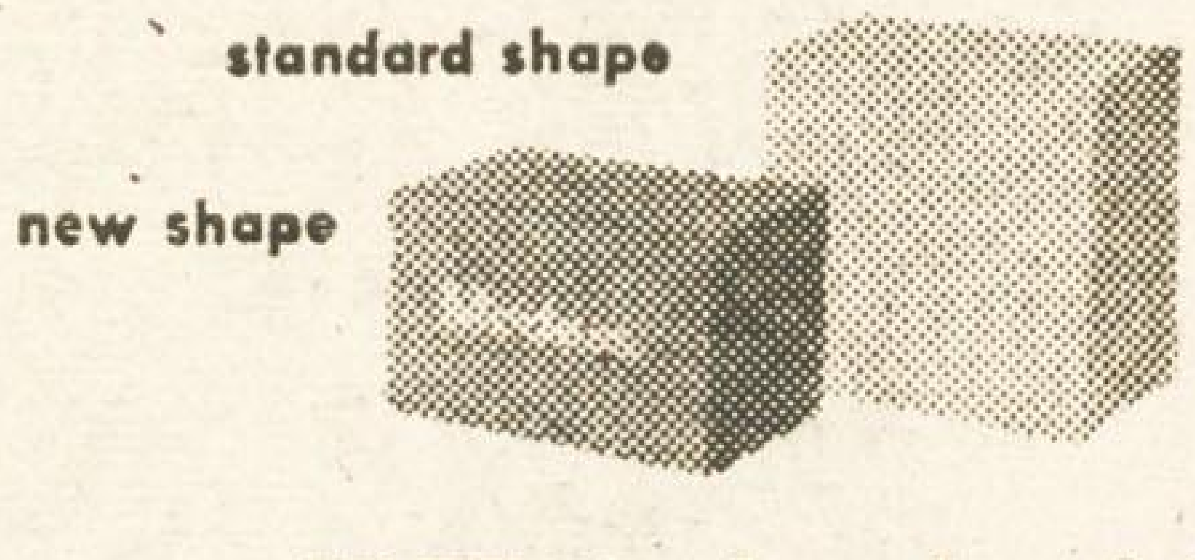
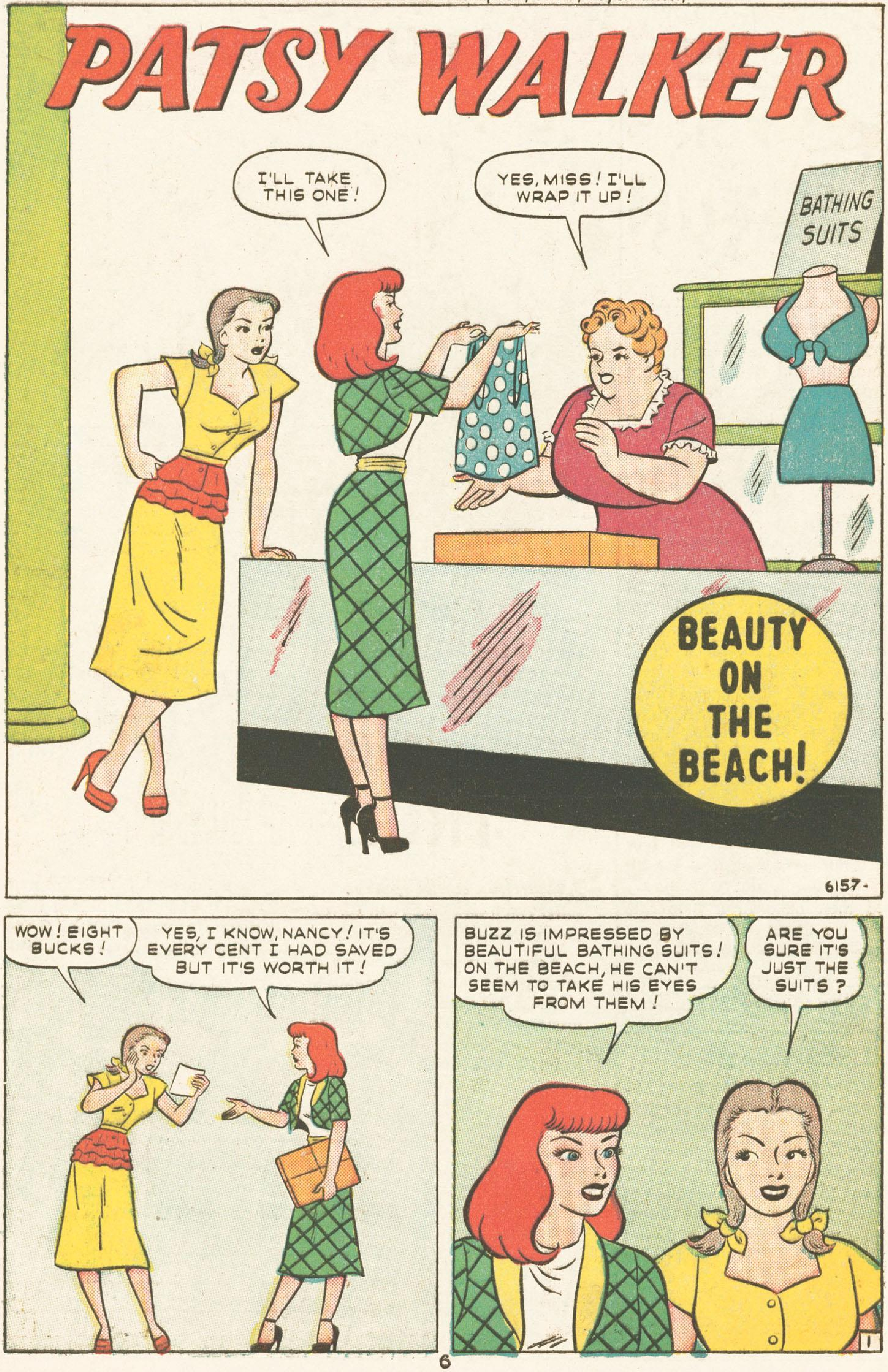


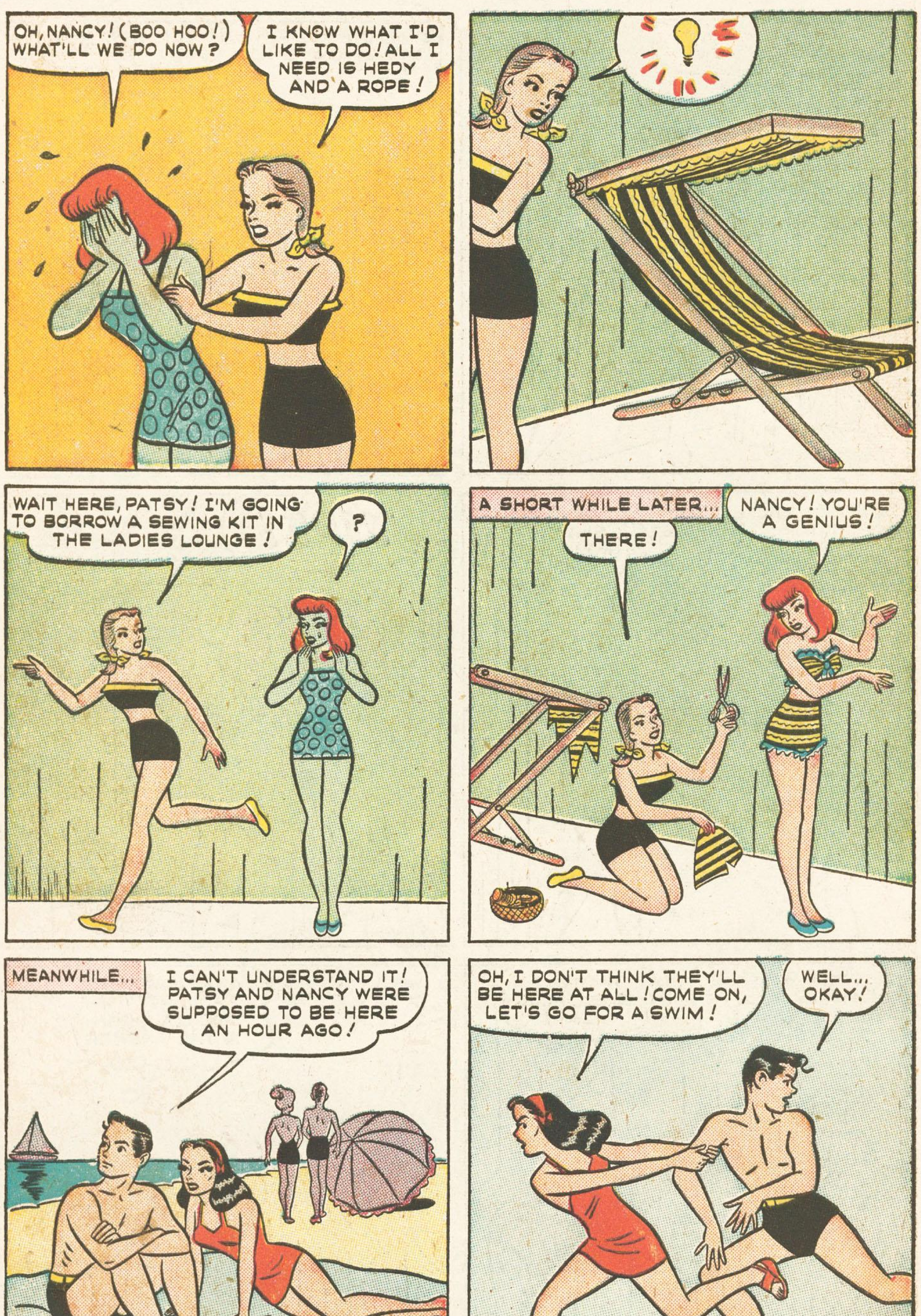
Editorial Consultant: Jean Thompson, M.D., Psychiatrist,

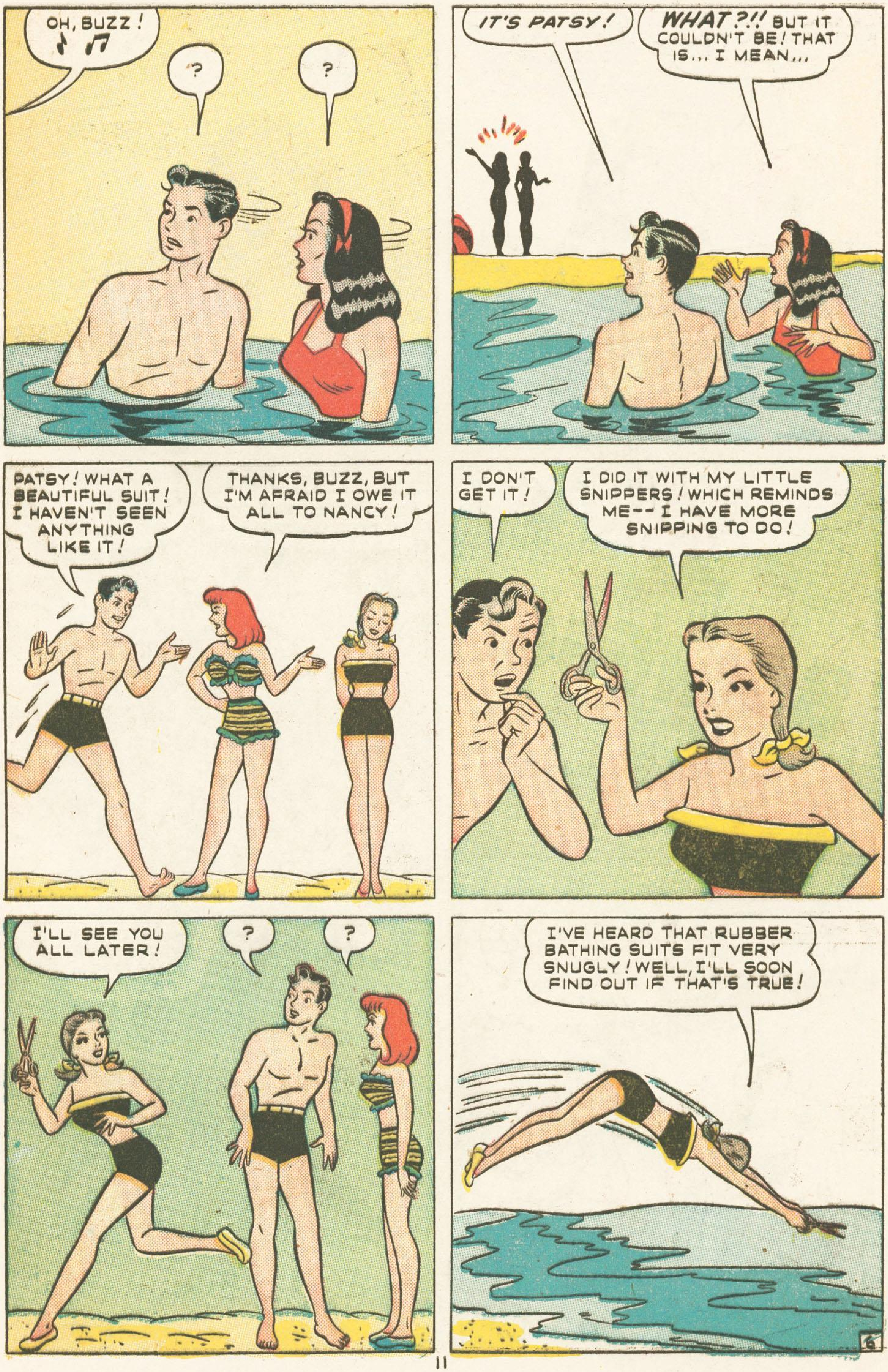

PATSY WALKER
I'LL TAKE THIS ONE!
YES, MISS! I'LL WRAP IT UP!
BATHING SUITS
BEAUTY ON THE BEACH!
6157-
WOW! EIGHT BUCKS!
YES, I KNOW, NANCY! IT'S EVERY CENT I HAD SAVED BUT IT'S WORTH IT!
BUZZ IS IMPRESSED BY BEAUTIFUL BATHING SUITS! ON THE BEACH, HE CAN'T SEEM TO TAKE HIS EYES FROM THEM!
ARE YOU SURE IT'S JUST THE SUITS?
1

BUT I THINK SOME OF THESE FOUR-DOLLAR ONES ARE JUST AS GOOD! I SAY IT'S NOT THE SUIT--IT'S WHAT YOU PUT IN IT THAT COUNTS!
WELL, I'M NOT TAKING ANY CHANCES!
I SAW HEDY BUYING ONE OF THOSE NEW RUBBER SUITS AND YOU KNOW SHE CAN AFFORD THE BEST!
IN HER CASE IT'S A WASTE OF MONEY!
WHAT DO WE NEED NOW?
WE'VE GOT TO GET SOME FOOD FOR THE WIENER ROAST TONIGHT!
THERE, WE'RE ALL SET!
COME ON... LET'S GO! WE'RE SUPPOSED TO MEET BUZZ ON THE BEACH AT TWO O'CLOCK!
LATER...
HOW DO I LOOK, NANCY?
?
LIKE A POTATO SACK, DEARIE!
79
792
...AND THE POTATOES ARE STILL IN IT!
THANK YOU, MISS AMERICA OF 1908!
2

THAT'S REALLY A LOVELY SUIT, PATSY DEAR, AND I'M SURE YOU'LL GROW INTO IT!
THANK YOU! BY THE WAY, WHAT COLOR WAS YOURS BEFORE IT WAS RED?
ENOUGH OF THIS CHIT-CHAT! I REALLY MUST BE OFF!
AH, A TRUE CONFESSION!
'BYE FOR NOW!
AND FOREVER, I HOPE!
ARE YOU SURE I LOOK ALL RIGHT, NANCY?
PERFECT! THAT CAT IS JUST JEALOUS!
I DON'T KNOW ABOUT THAT! SHE CERTAINLY ACTED CONFIDENT!
HMMM! I KNOW I LOOK A THOUSAND PERCENT BETTER THAN PATSY, BUT THERE IS A SLIGHT CHANCE THAT A BLIND MALE LIKE BUZZ MIGHT THINK SHE LOOKS GOOD! I'VE GOT TO MAKE SURE HE DOESN'T!
BUT WHY DO WE HAVE TO TAKE SHOWERS IF WE'RE GOING SWIMMING?
IT'S A BEACH RULE! THEY PUT A CHEMICAL IN THE WATER FOR SANITARY REASONS!
SHOWER
3

THIS FOUNTAIN PEN IS JUST WHAT I NEED!
SHOWER
I'M SO BLUE-O-OOO OVER YOU-OOOO
HOW RIGHT YOU ARE, KIDDO!
RULE OR NO RULE, PATSY, I'M NOT TAKING A SHOWER WITH THAT CHEMICAL IN THE WATER!
DON'T BE SILLY! IT WON'T HURT YOU!
SH
YIPE!
?
OH, PATSY! YOU LOOK POSITIVELY PALE! WHAT YOU NEED IS A GOOD SUNTAN!
HMMM! I SMELL FOUL PLAY!
WELL, TA-TA!
AHA! JUST AS I THOUGHT! THAT FOUNTAIN PEN IS THE ANSWER!


OH, NANCY! (BOO HOO!) WHAT'LL WE DO NOW?
I KNOW WHAT I'D LIKE TO DO! ALL I NEED IS HEDY AND A ROPE!
WAIT HERE, PATSY! I'M GOING TO BORROW A SEWING KIT IN THE LADIES LOUNGE!
?
A SHORT WHILE LATER...
THERE!
NANCY! YOU'RE A GENIUS!
MEANWHILE...
I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT! PATSY AND NANCY WERE SUPPOSED TO BE HERE AN HOUR AGO!
OH, I DON'T THINK THEY'LL BE HERE AT ALL! COME ON, LET'S GO FOR A SWIM!
WELL... OKAY!
5


OH, BUZZ! ♪ ♫
?
?
IT'S PATSY!
WHAT?!! BUT IT COULDN'T BE! THAT IS... I MEAN...
PATSY! WHAT A BEAUTIFUL SUIT! I HAVEN'T SEEN ANYTHING LIKE IT!
THANKS, BUZZ, BUT I'M AFRAID I OWE IT ALL TO NANCY!
I DON'T GET IT!
I DID IT WITH MY LITTLE SNIPPERS! WHICH REMINDS ME-- I HAVE MORE SNIPPING TO DO!
I'LL SEE YOU ALL LATER!
?
?
I'VE HEARD THAT RUBBER BATHING SUITS FIT VERY SNUGLY! WELL, I'LL SOON FIND OUT IF THAT'S TRUE!
6

I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT! I THOUGHT I FIXED PATSY GOOD!
ULP! WHAT THE...!
SNIP!
SNAP!
EEK! MY SUIT!
BOINGGG!
MUCH LATER...
THIS IS THE HANDIEST LITTLE GADGET!
SNIP OFF ANOTHER WIENER FOR BUZZ, NANCY!
I WONDER WHERE HEDY WENT...?
OH, PLEASE, BUZZ, DON'T SPOIL A PERFECT SCENE BY MENTIONING THAT NAME!
7
W-WON'T THEY EVER G-G-GO HOME ??? I'M FREEZING!
THE END

FOOD FOR FUN

PERKY PEA SOUP . . .

The next time you tie that over-sized apron around your waist, try this famous recipe for split pea soup.

Combine two quarts of water, two cups of green split peas and a couple of stalks of chopped celery. Add a few small carrots and one onion. Rub 1/4 of a teaspoon of dried thyme and 1/4 of a teaspoon of dried marjoram between your hands and add them to the soup.

Put a lid on the pot and boil for 20 minutes. Reduce the heat and simmer until very soft. This will probably take half an hour. Force mixture through a coarse strainer, reheat quickly and serve with rye bread and butter or croutons.

EGGS FOR EPICURES . . .

You're bound to be greeted by cheers for these eggs a la king. They're a really wise choice for a light supper meal.

Here's how: peel and quarter six hard-cooked eggs.

Blend three tablespoons of butter with three tablespoons of flour and slowly add 1½ cups of milk and ½ of a cup of cream. Saute 1/4 of a cup of mushroom caps in a little butter over low heat. Drain ½ of a cup of cooked or canned peas and chop ½ of a green pepper with some parsley and pimento.

Add this to white sauce in the top of a double boiler and gently stir in the egg quarters. Season well with salt, pepper and a little cayenne. Heat and serve on toast and sprinkle with paprika.

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MINT AND PEAS . . .

Attention, young cooks! Why not try using some mint with peas to give them new zest?

Put a heaping tablespoon of mint in a saucepan of boiling water and add shelled fresh peas. Let boil until the peas are tender, but not mushy. Strain off all but one cup of water.

To this add a teaspoon of sugar, 1/4 of a cup of butter, ½ of a cup of finely-chopped green onion tops, salt and pepper to taste. Let steam gently for twenty minutes. When the water is all absorbed, and the peas are entirely tender, serve sprinkled with paprika.

Nautically Yours

By TRIPP HAMMOND

Caroline had gone overboard for Jeff . . . until she realized he thought she was someone else!

"SO *that's* an ocean!" Caroline Smythe whispered.

"Imagine your never having seen one," Uncle Dick said thoughtfully.

"What do you think of it?" Aunt Lois asked.

"It's big," Caroline said. "*very* big."

"Biggest one around here," Dick bragged. "In fact, three people could swim in it at once! How about it?"

But Caroline did not join her aunt and uncle in their race to the water. She lay happily back on the sand. Life's amazing, she thought . . . Two weeks ago she was still living with Granny on a farm in Illinois. Then Granny died, and Dick and Lois asked her to live with them. She had arrived yesterday, and already Dick and Lois seemed more like her brother and sister than her aunt and uncle. The coastal town of Logan's Bay was quaint and colorful . . . Dick and Lois were fun, and their thirteen-year-old twins were priceless. Yes, the new life looked very promising.

Dick and Lois returned and threw themselves, dripping, at her feet. "Big thing about that ocean is how cold it is," Dick commented. "About as cold as the toast my wife serves me for breakfast!"

"Drop dead, dear," Lois said, and to Caroline, "Do you like to take new impressions one at a time?"

Caroline nodded, smiling.

Lois hesitated. "We're afraid you'll find this place dull."

"Dull! With you and Dick—and the twins?"

"But won't you miss tennis and riding?" Lois asked. "Besides, the young people who live here hang out at the Yacht Club, and they're all a bit stuffy."

"Is the person approaching us now one of the stuffy ones?"

Caroline's blue eyes were following a tall, beautifully tanned boy who was strolling along the beach.

He wore a jaunty yachting cap, and seemed to be a couple of years older than Caroline. As he passed, he nodded curtly. Dick and Lois murmured a reply.

"Well?" Caroline asked.

"Control your maidenly enthusiasm," Lois said. "*That* was Jeffrey Logan the Third."

"Should I be impressed?"

Dick sat up. "His father builds racing yachts. At nineteen, Junior is rear commodore of the Yacht Club."

"Dick means he's a snob," Lois said. "The stuffiest of the lot."

"Not entirely," Dick argued. "Don't forget, *we've* been asked to join the club often, but I can't afford the twins *and* a yacht! No, the Logans aren't snobs—it's just that they have no truck with non-seafaring folk."

"Maybe Jeff Junior's never met a farmer's daughter from Illinois," Caroline said.

"Oh-*ho*!" Dick laughed. "I see we've kindled your fighting spirit!"

"Caroline obviously could handle the average boy," Lois said, "but J. Logan Three is too much for any female landlubber. Who wants to bet?"

"Not me!" Dick backed out. "Only girls understand that sort of thing."

"I had an impression that he's not like that at all," Caroline said, her eyes twinkling.

"I'll bet you the snappiest yachting outfit in the local outfittery!" Lois was determined to win her point.

Dick shook his head. "You'll have to learn a lot of things nautical," he said.

"That ship out there," Caroline pointed, "is that one of the Logan racing boats?"

"That's only a battered little catboat," Dick said disgustedly. Suddenly he jumped up. "Hey, that's *my* boat!" he shouted. "Lois, I've told those kids repeatedly to stay in the harbor and *not* go out to sea. I'll whale the daylights out of them—"

That night there was a timid knock on Caroline's door. Betty, the distaff half of the twins, entered Caroline's room. "Daddy was *very* cross with us," she confided.

"But why did you go where you shouldn't?"

"We were with the Logan girls," Betty explained.

"Logan? Are they related to Jeffrey Logan?"

"They're his half-sisters," Betty said. "They wanted to go out to Fleets Island, so we took them."

"Isn't that far?"

"No, it's just over the horizon. The course lies due east and we had an offshore following wind. It was easy." From the hall came a whistle. "Chuck's piping himself aboard," Betty said. "He thinks he's an admiral."

Chuck appeared, also looking crestfallen from the scolding. "Have you asked her yet?" he said to his sister.

"Well," Betty paused. "We love sailing better than anything in the world, Caroline," she said finally. "And, well—"

"Yes?"

"We think you should marry Jeff Logan. Then we can have lots of boats!"

Caroline bit her lip to keep from grinning. "In the first place, I'm not old enough to marry," she said. "In the second place, I know nothing about boats, and in the third place, I've never met Jeffrey Logan."

"But girls often marry at seventeen," Betty protested.

"And *we'll* teach you navigation," Chuck said.

"Don't worry about meeting him," Betty added. "We've already fixed that!" They kissed her goodnight and trotted off to bed.

Caroline had forgotten their visit by the next morning and was surprised to receive a telephone call. "Miss Smythe?" the voice said. "I'm Jeffrey Logan. I've just heard that you've moved into our community. I'd like to welcome you and say how delighted I am . . ."

When Caroline returned to the breakfast table, the twins had disappeared. Dick and Lois regarded her with wonder. "Jeffrey Logan?" Lois gasped.

Caroline nodded. "He's giving me a guided tour and a lobster dinner tonight!"

"It's the irresistible allure of us Smythe girls," Lois exclaimed.

"I'll admit it," Dick sighed. "How much does a yachting outfit cost?"

Jeffrey arrived in a convertible and greeted Caroline warmly. "We'll go to the club first," he said. "I'd be selfish to keep you entirely to myself!"

The Yacht Club was a lovely old building. The group there crowded around her, laughing and chatting as they introduced themselves. Then Jeff spoke. "Mates, it isn't every day that we run square athwart a possible new member! I suggest we give her a big hello!"

His remarks were greeted with enthusiasm. A silver cup was filled with ginger ale, and the group formed a circle—with Caroline, smiling and blushing, in the center. As the cup was passed around, a sea chanty about the Logan Yacht Club was sung.

After that Caroline was asked to make a speech. "Thank you for being so hospitable," she said warmly. "You've made me feel at home, and I'm looking forward to seeing you a lot in the days to come!" Under cover of the applause Jeff led her outside to his car.

Caroline discovered that Jeff's precise manners hid his acute shyness, so to help him, she directed the conversation to him or to subjects with which he was familiar. Driving home along the moon-splashed sea, he said quietly, "Miss Smythe, next time we'll talk about *you*. May I call for you at one, day after tomorrow?"

Caroline nodded.

"I'll have a surprise for you then."

"How exciting!" she said—and meant it.

The next day the twins took Caroline on her first ocean voyage in a dinghy with an outboard motor. Because the weather was calm, they were allowed to go out to Fleets Island. "It's easy to get there," Chuck explained. "When you leave the harbor, that bell buoy is three points forward of the starboard beam. That means you turn to the right almost at right angles. From the buoy, watch the compass and bear due east. Then you can't miss the island."

"Of course, sailing is harder because you have to *tack*," Betty explained.

Caroline was more interested in how they had maneuvered Jeff Logan into asking her for a date, but something warned her that the subject was better left untouched.

The next morning Lois decided that she had lost her bet—even though Jeff still hadn't called Caroline by her first name. Caroline received her yachting outfit and wore it when Jeff called for her.

He said nothing about his surprise while they drove to a small cove above the Yacht Club harbor. He rowed her out to a sailboat. "There she is," he said, "the *Carol!* What do you think of her?"

"Is this your surprise?" she asked. "It's very pretty."

"Pretty? She's beautiful! You've never seen a trimmer sloop!"

He was right; she had never seen a sloop before at all. As for it s being "trim," she supposed he was right about that, too.

"See how she's designed to carry the maximum amount of canvas," he said as he helped her aboard. "This baby's built for speed.

"And now for the rest of my surprise," he continued. "The Sylvester Cup races are this afternoon. I've entered *Carol* and we'll do it together! Okay?"

"Sounds fun," she agreed.

"I'll crew," he added. "Shall we get under way?"

"Why not?" she said.

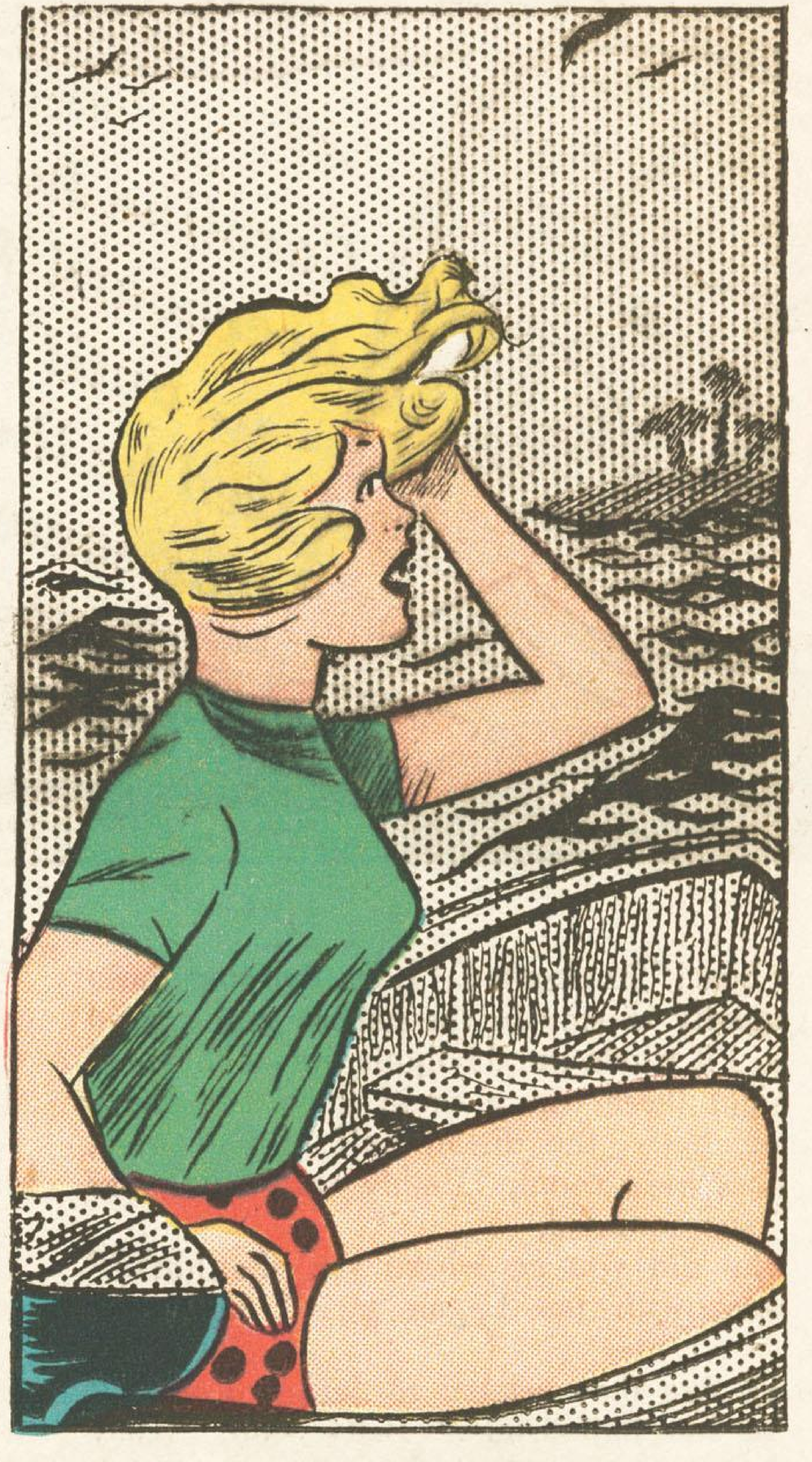
He laughed at this and turned to busy himself with the sails. Once or twice he looked at her expectantly. Suddenly, there was a sharp crack from the sails and the boat leaped forward. Jeff dove for the wheel and caught it just in time. "The wind veers sharply in these waters, Miss Smythe," he said reproachfully. "Perhaps I'd better take the wheel until you get the feel of her."

"I think you *had* better," she said, smiling.

"You go forward, then, and stand by to come about."

"Okay," she said, and wondered why he frowned.

Standing at the mast, the breeze whipping her hair and the spray cool and fresh, was delightful, Caroline decided. A dull boom and a puff of smoke came from the shore, and Jeff shouted.



Caroline cried aloud with relief when she saw the island dead ahead through the fog!

"Are we off?" she asked.

He nodded, saying, "That was the starting signal! We'll sail a counter-clockwise course!" His grin faded. She noticed that he was watching her, perplexed.

It was five minutes before he spoke again. "Stand by to come about," he said.

"What does that mean?"

"I'm coming about!" he repeated, urgency and exasperation in his voice. *"Hard alee!"*

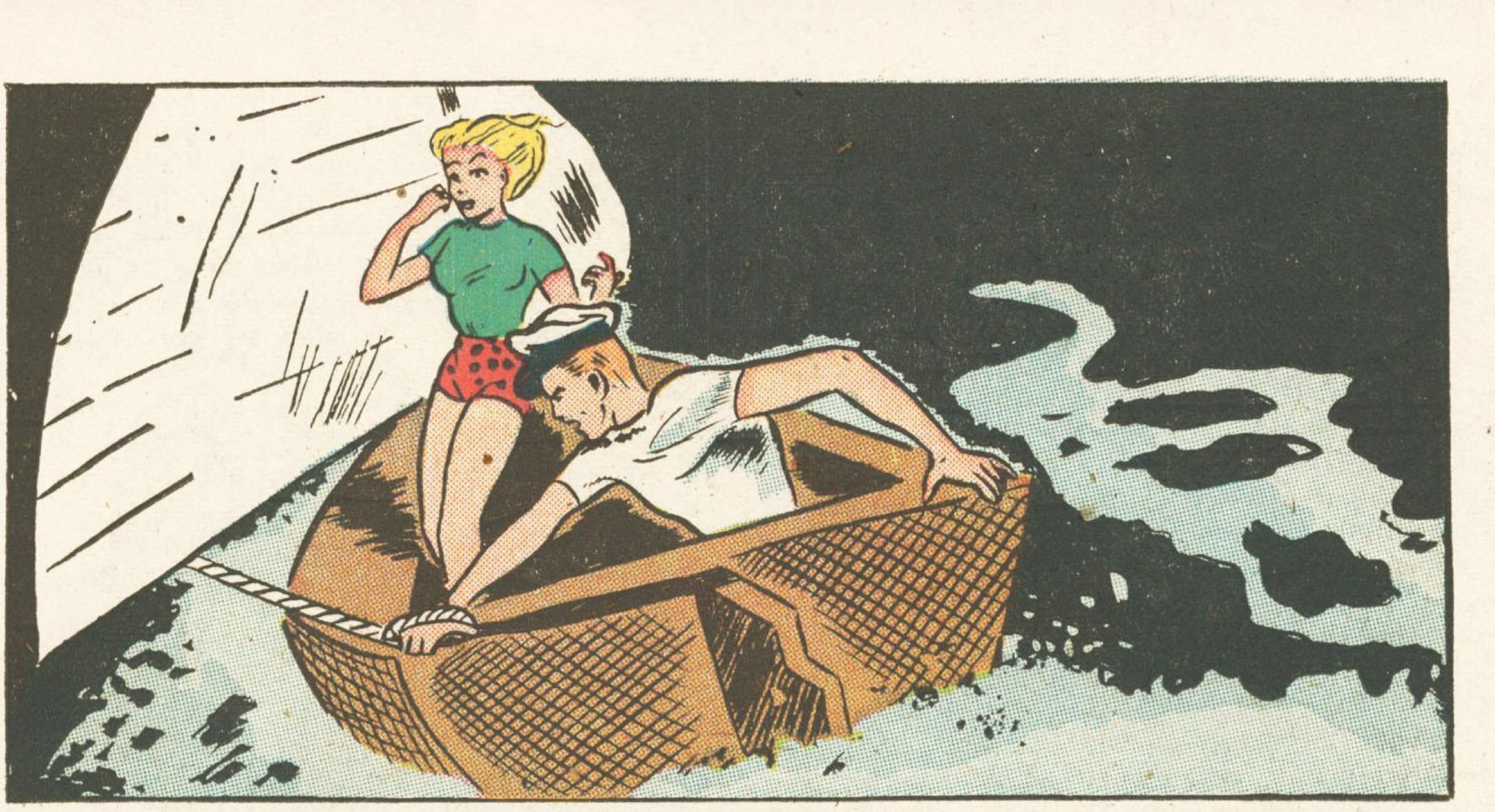
"What do you want me to do?" she asked.

"Blast it!" he shrieked. "Duck!"

Too late she learned that he merely wanted to turn. The boom swung around so the sail could catch the wind from a new direction, and caught her across the shoulders. In the water, her first reaction was anguish at the ruination of her beautiful slacks and jacket.

Jeff was thin-lipped as he pulled her back on board. "Where did you learn to sail?" he asked coldly.

"I didn't!" Caroline shivered. "I never even saw the ocean until four days ago!"



"I'm coming about!" Jeff shouted, exasperation in his voice. "Duck!"

His eyebrows climbed. "This is a rather awkward time to confess *that*, isn't it?"

"Why should I confess anything?" she demanded.

He said nothing more until they landed at the Club pier. "I can stand anything but a phony," he said then. "I don't know much about girls, but I suppose I'm lucky I found you out when I did."

Caroline suddenly was furious. Lois was right—Jeffrey Logan was a prig and a snob. "I don't understand all this," she said, "but I think you're insufferable! Good-by!" She ran toward the clubhouse taxi stand.

No one was at home, but there was a note from Lois. "If you get back before we do," it read, "we're going to the races and then to a moonlight picnic along the beach. We said the twins could take the Logan girls in the dinghy to Fleets Island. If you want to come on the picnic, call the club before four and bring the children. Otherwise, feed them, will you, and see that they get to bed early?"

"I'll *never* go back to the Club!" Caroline thought fiercely. Then she went to look for the twins, determined to have a serious talk with them.

They were with the two little Logan girls at Dick's private pier. "Just what did you tell Jeffrey Logan?" Caroline asked, after taking her cousins aside.

They looked guilty. "We only said that your name was Caroline Smythe and that you'd won lots of cups——" Chuck stammered.

"Is that *all?*" she asked.

"No," Betty confessed. "There's a girl in Florida named Carol Lynn-Smythe. Her father is a millionaire, and last year she won six cups at sailing. We didn't say that your cups were for tennis and riding——"

In her room, Caroline flung herself across the bed and lay with her face buried in her hands. "Oh, *no!*" she said again and again. They had been nice to her at the Club because they thought she was a famous heiress and yacht-owner. She remembered her speech, accepting their welcome. She thought of Jeff's expression when he called her a phony. He had even named his boat *Carol*, thinking that was her name. What they would think of her now, she shuddered to imagine.

She must have fallen asleep. When she looked at her watch it was four-thirty! Betty and Chuck should be back. . . . The tide was coming in and Fleets Island was under water at high tide. Then she saw with a start that a dense fog covered the ground. She ran to the pier. To her horror, she saw that the children were not back and, worse, that they had taken the sailboat instead of the dinghy! Back in the house, she telephoned the Club to find that everyone had left for the picnic a half-hour ago.

Caroline forced herself to concentrate. She tried to imagine the children on the quickly submerging island. Navigating the sailboat in a fog would be far too difficult for them. By now they would be thoroughly frightened. In her mind's eye, she saw them huddled together waiting for someone to reach them.

Again she ran back to the pier. This time she got into the dinghy. She tried to remember everything Chuck had told her about navigation. She knew the general direction of the harbor exit, and the sound of the breakers guided her. Outside, she knew she must turn to the right, almost but not quite, at right angles. She held her breath until she heard the sound of the buoy. After that it was simple—the course lay due east. At the island she could reverse the process and lead the sailboat home.

The fog swirled around the chugging boat. Ten minutes later, she heard a distant rumble. The noise grew steadily louder. Then suddenly it struck: a screaming wind that flung up whips of foam and shredded the fog. When the fog cleared, she saw the island dead ahead—and the mast of the catboat. She cried aloud with relief. but then a new fear assailed her. The howling wind was hurling the water into huge waves. Her dinghy barely made the rapidly disappearing shelter of the island.

The four children sat huddled on a rock. When she reached them they clung to her. their fear-filled eyes pleading. "Come." she said as calmly as possible. "we must go home now."

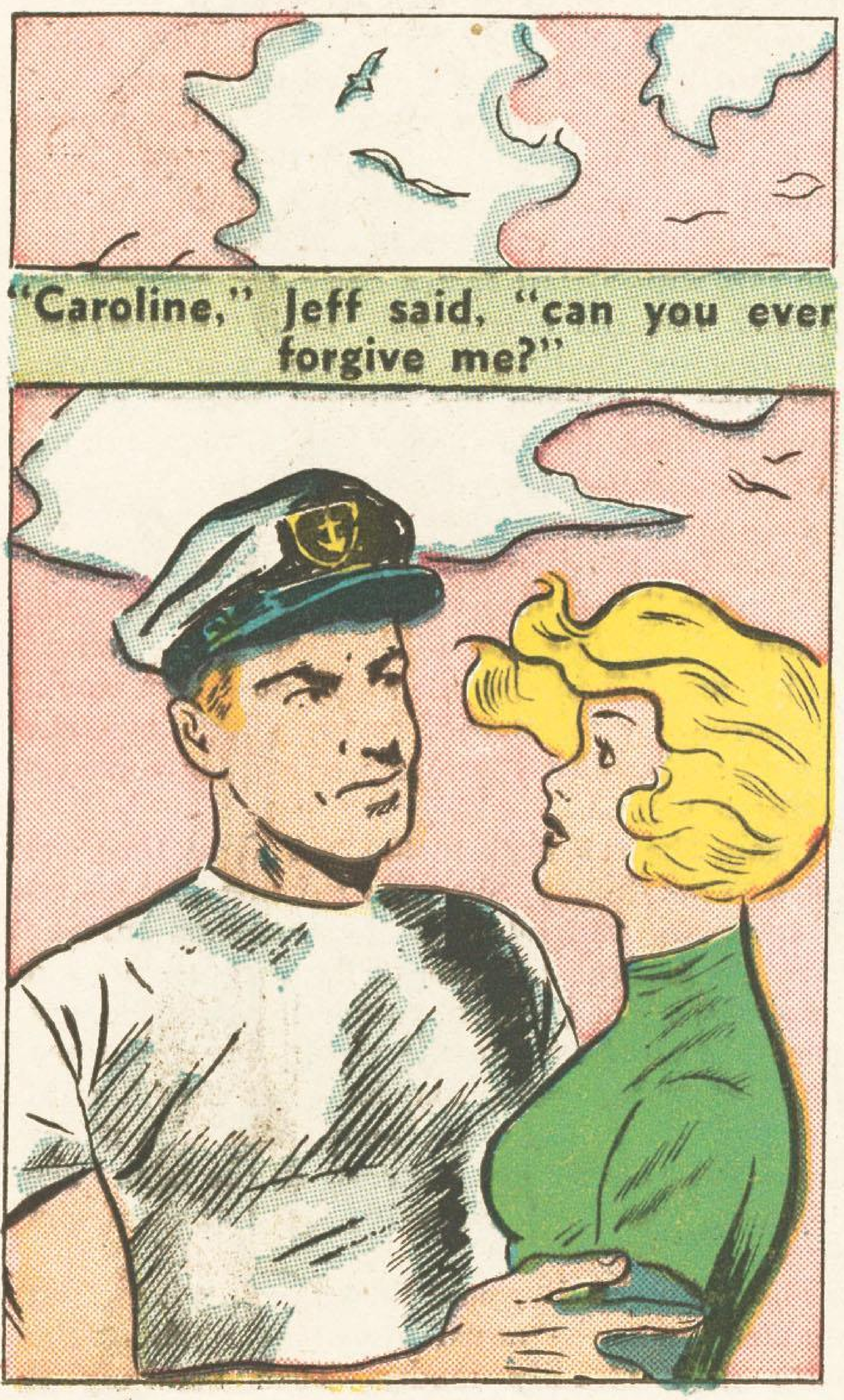
"But the catboat can never make it!" Chuck wailed. "Look!"

Caroline shuddered. The storm was becoming more intense by the second. "We can't stay here either," she said firmly.

The authority in her voice won them over. and they followed her. In the boat. she reminded them that they were good sailors. "If this situation were merely a problem in navigation. how would you answer it?" she asked Chuck.

"We should secure the dinghy. then reef the sails about halfway up. The wind's almost dead astern. That means we'd scud. or slip sideways, and if we yawed in those seas we'd be sunk. But if I could keep her on the course until we reached the buoy, we'd have a chance."

"We'll take it!" Caroline said. "Tell us what to do."



"Caroline," Jeff said, "can you ever forgive me?"

She had never been so terrified. Countless tons of water climbed higher than the mast and threatened to crush them. Chuck, white-faced, fought at the tiller. Their lives depended on the children's knowledge. Caroline concentrated on fighting down their rising fear. "Isn't there an old sea chanty about blowing the man down?" she asked.

"They sing that when they set sails, I think," Chuck answered.

"The wind's enough to blow a lot of men down," she said. "But not *us!*"

They almost smiled at that, and she got them to sing.

Finally they reached the buoy. Chuck had forgotten the surf at the harbor's entrance. "Breakers ahead!" Betty screamed.

Chuck shook his head. "I can't! I can't do it!" he cried.

"Of course you can," Caroline said easily. "Look at me. I'm not afraid. That's because I know you *will* do it!"

He wavered. but then his jaw clenched. "Stand by to come about!" he shouted. "*Hard alee!*"

The small boat swung toward the breakers. Then, suddenly. it seemed to be ripped from its position and flung aloft. Higher and higher it mounted, hesitated. and began the sickening descent. There was a final crash. Water rushed endlessly over them. and then the boat floated free in the harbor.

The crowd on the shore was silent as Lois hugged her twins. "Don't scold them." Caroline said. "they learned their lesson this time."

An elderly white-faced man held the two Logan girls. "Thank you. Miss Smythe," he said quietly.

"I did nothing." she said. "The children did it by themselves." Then she saw Jeff. She couldn't speak to him—not after this. She broke away from the crowd and ran toward the house. Suddenly. a pair of strong hands seized her.

"Caroline!" Jeff shouted. trying to make himself heard above the whipping wind. "Can you ever forgive me?"

"Forgive you?" she asked. dazed. "I thought you hated anyone who wasn't a sailor."

"You're the best sailor I've ever seen!" he said. "Seamanship is more than a knowledge of nautical terms. It's keeping your head in the face of danger. It's being afraid but not letting fear get the upper hand. The important thing is. those kids would never have returned without you!" He hesitated, and the tense lines in his forehead disappeared. There was a tender. pleading note in his voice when he said. "Caroline. would you come back to the Club with me now?"

"Oh. no. Jeff." she said. "I can't believe—"

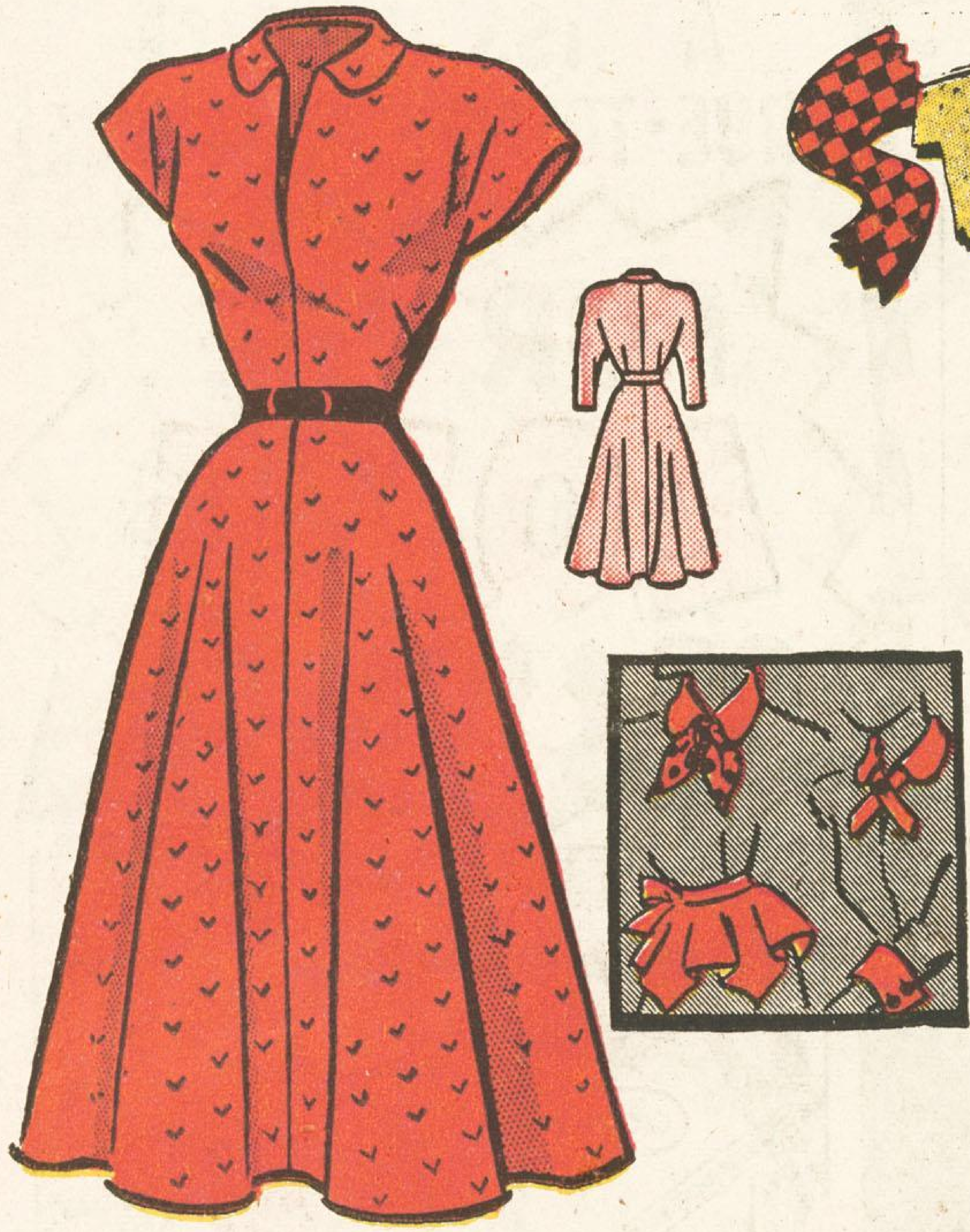
"If I told you the others want to give you the big hello. this time to Caroline Smythe—not Carol Lynn-Smythe? If I tell you I'm naming my boat *Caroline*. instead of *Carol*. would you believe me?"

A smile touched Caroline's lips. "All right. skipper. you set the course."

His handsome face grinned down at her. "Then we're under way," he said. taking her arm. "Steady as she goes!"

THE END

STITCHIN' TIME



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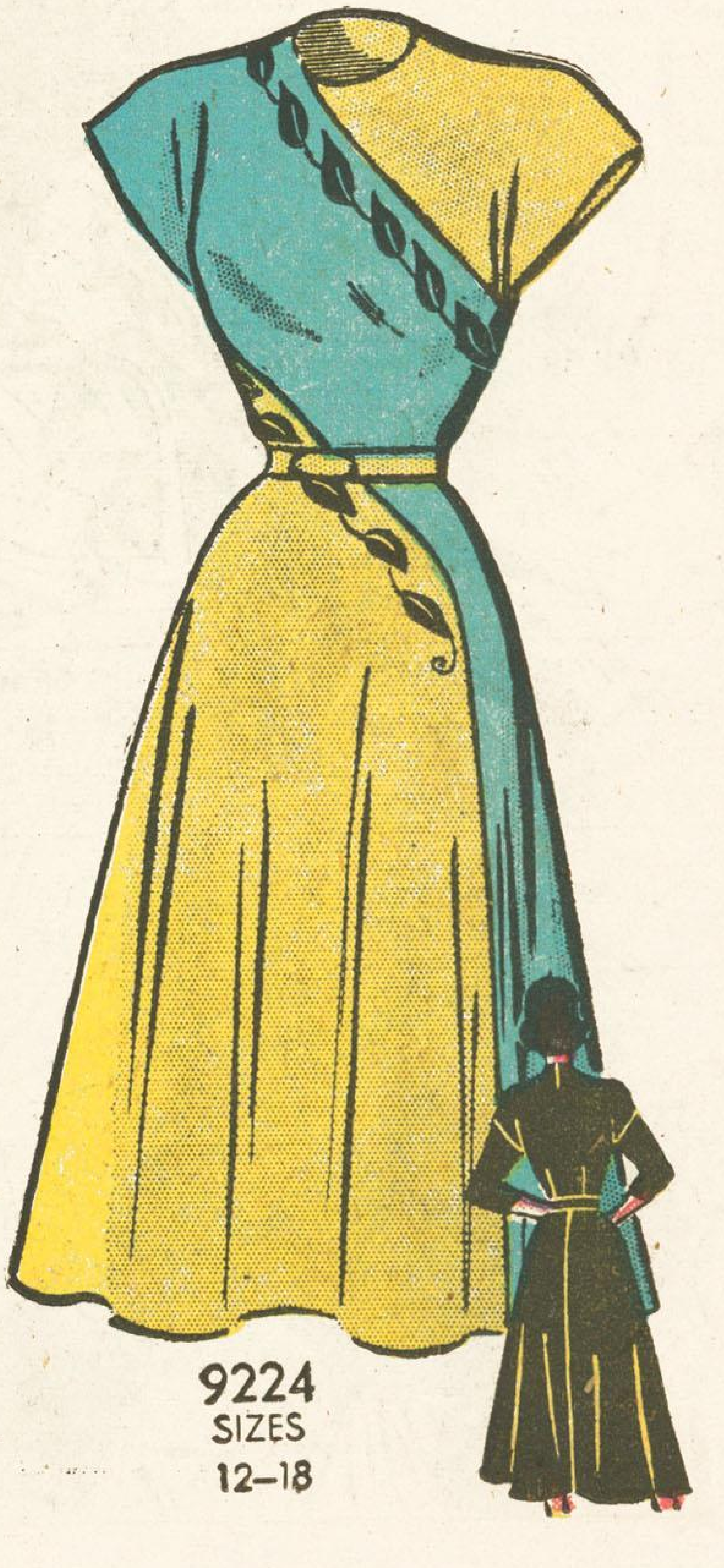

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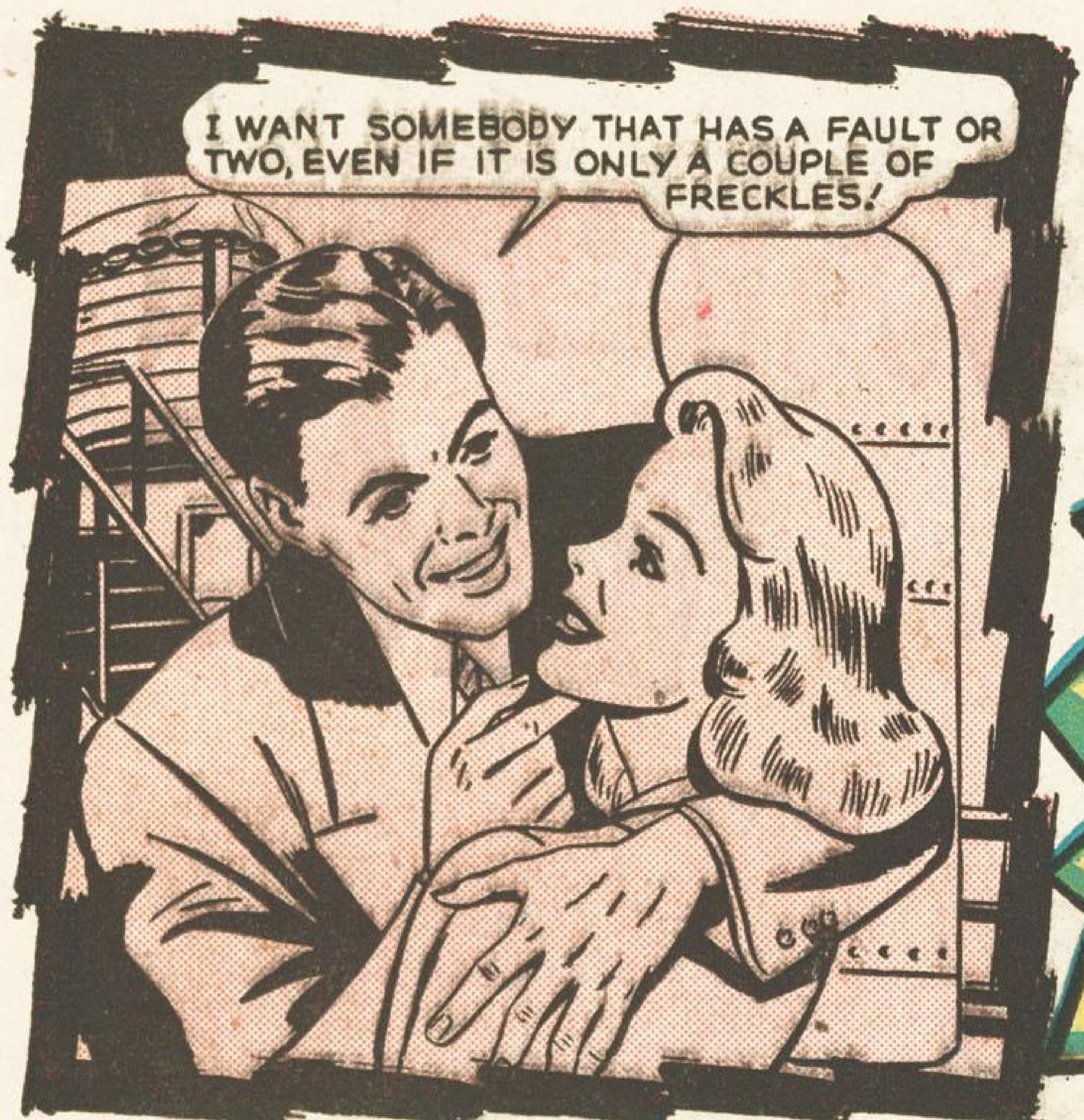
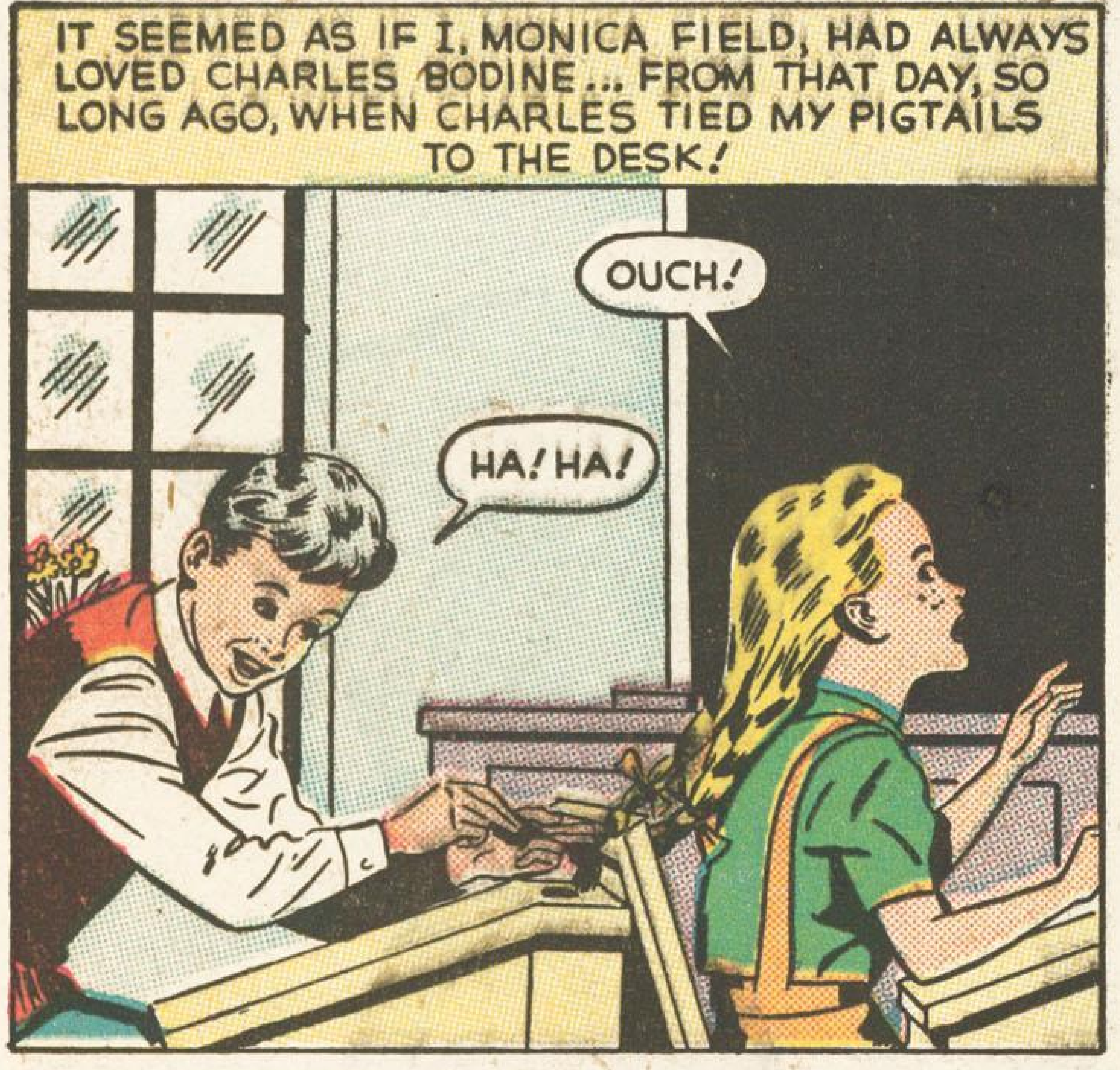
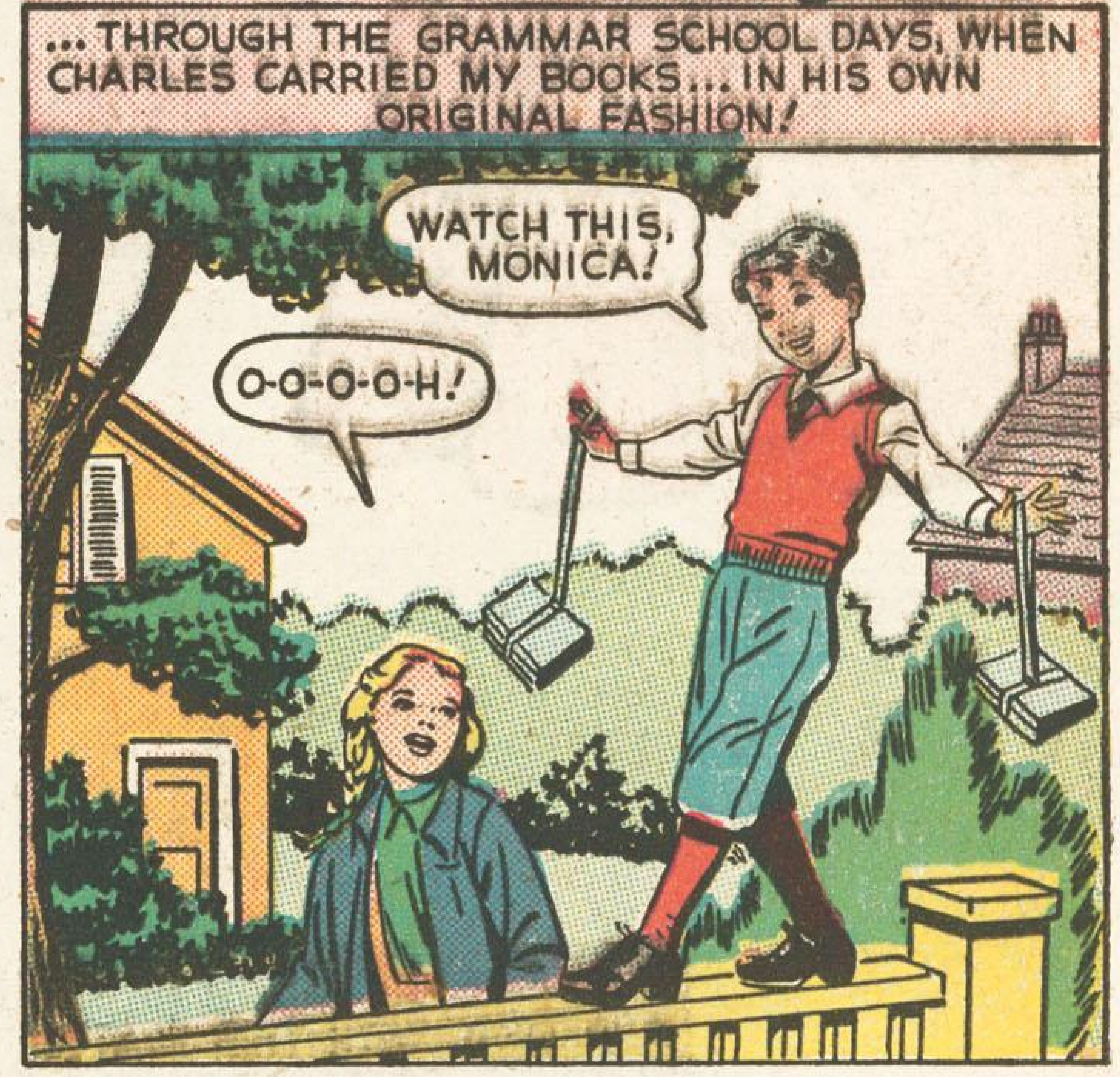

I WANT SOMEBODY THAT HAS A FAULT OR TWO, EVEN IF IT IS ONLY A COUPLE OF FRECKLES!

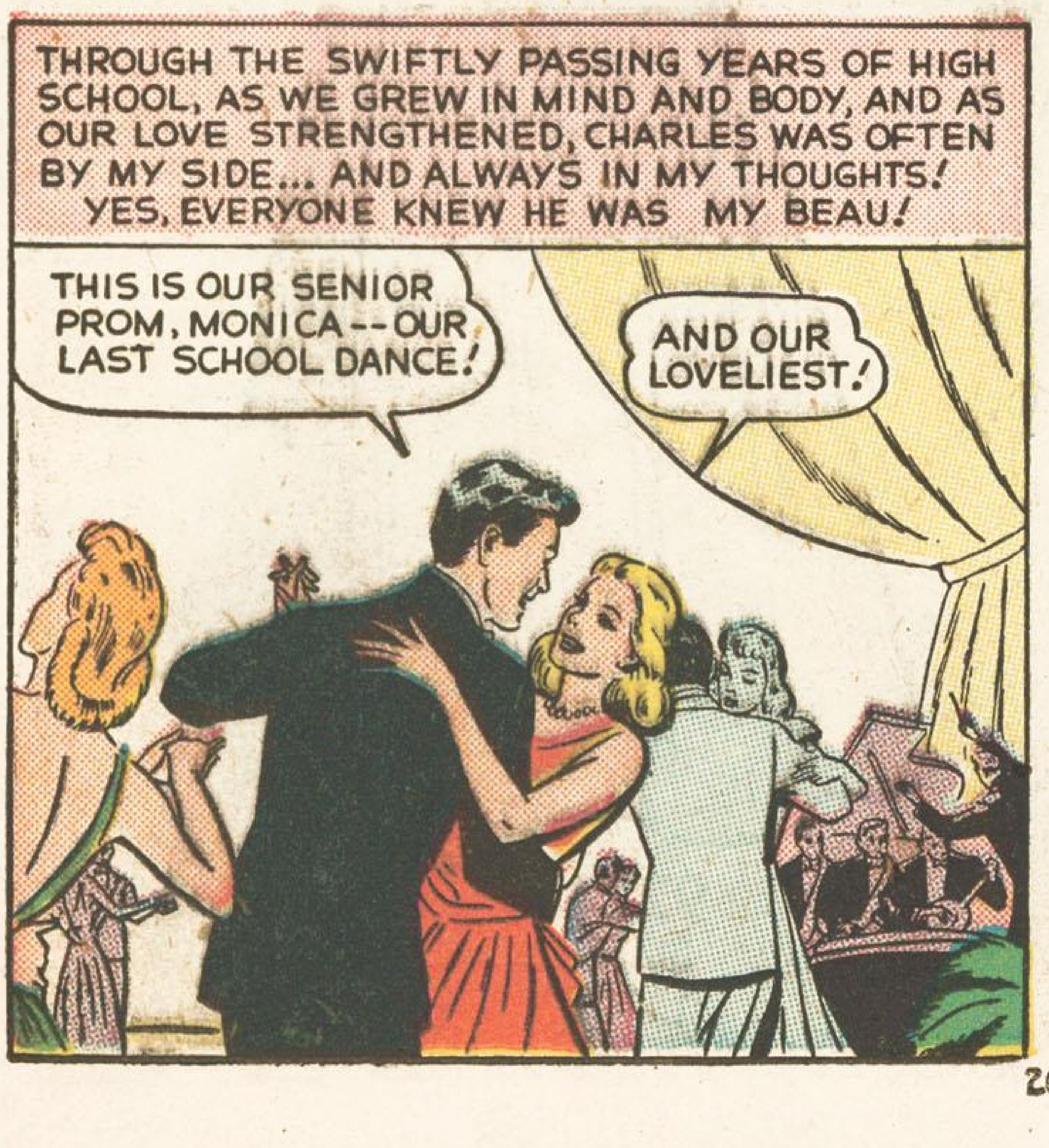
A MISS AMERICA TRUE-TO-LIFE ROMANCE!

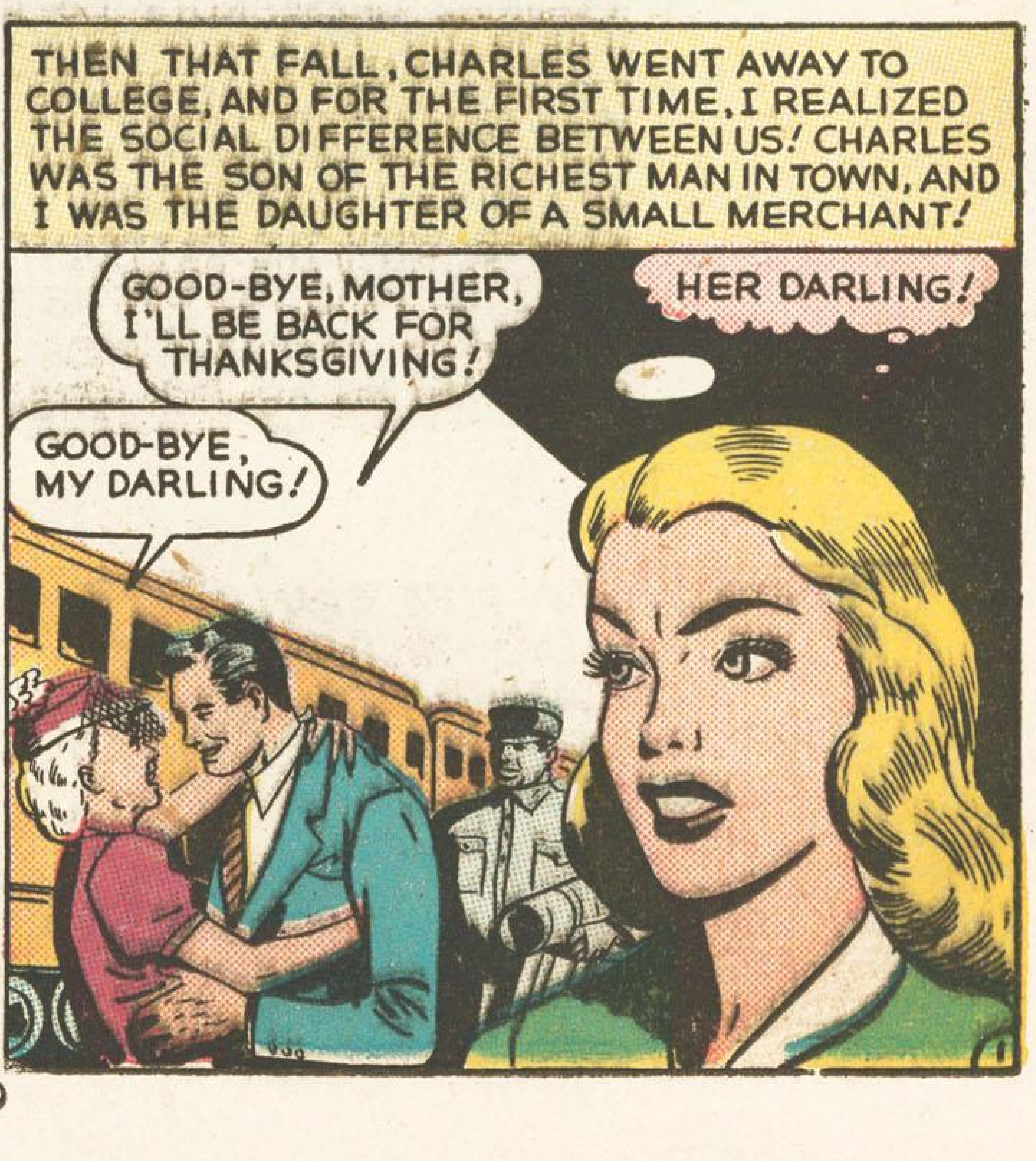
"FOR THE LOVE OF MONICA!"

5991


IT SEEMED AS IF I, MONICA FIELD, HAD ALWAYS LOVED CHARLES BODINE... FROM THAT DAY, SO LONG AGO, WHEN CHARLES TIED MY PIGTAILS TO THE DESK!


...THROUGH THE GRAMMAR SCHOOL DAYS, WHEN CHARLES CARRIED MY BOOKS... IN HIS OWN ORIGINAL FASHION!
WATCH THIS, MONICA!
O-O-O-O-H!

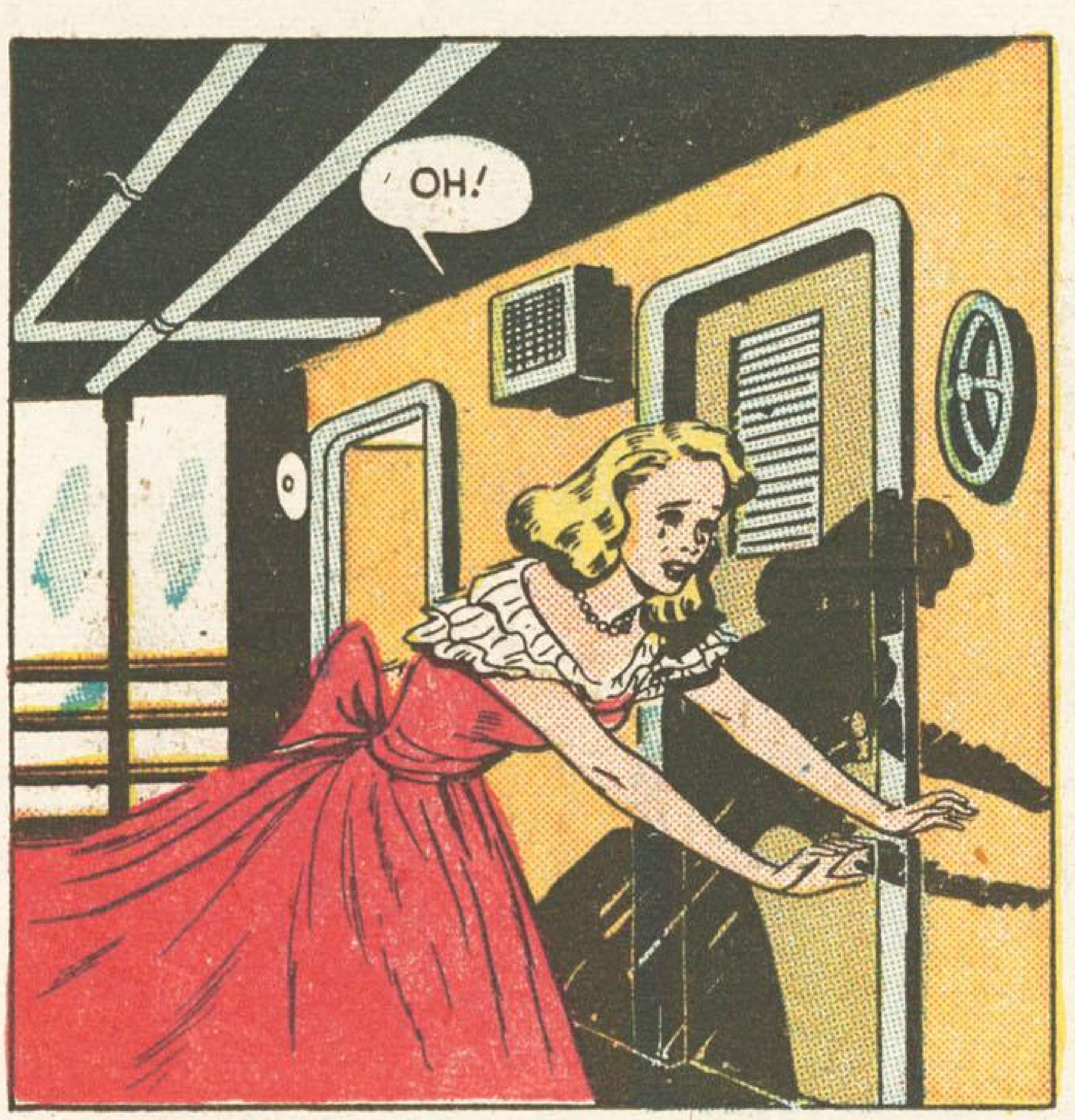

THROUGH THE SWIFTLY PASSING YEARS OF HIGH SCHOOL, AS WE GREW IN MIND AND BODY, AND AS OUR LOVE STRENGTHENED, CHARLES WAS OFTEN BY MY SIDE... AND ALWAYS IN MY THOUGHTS! YES, EVERYONE KNEW HE WAS MY BEAU!
THIS IS OUR SENIOR PROM, MONICA--OUR LAST SCHOOL DANCE!
AND OUR LOVELIEST!

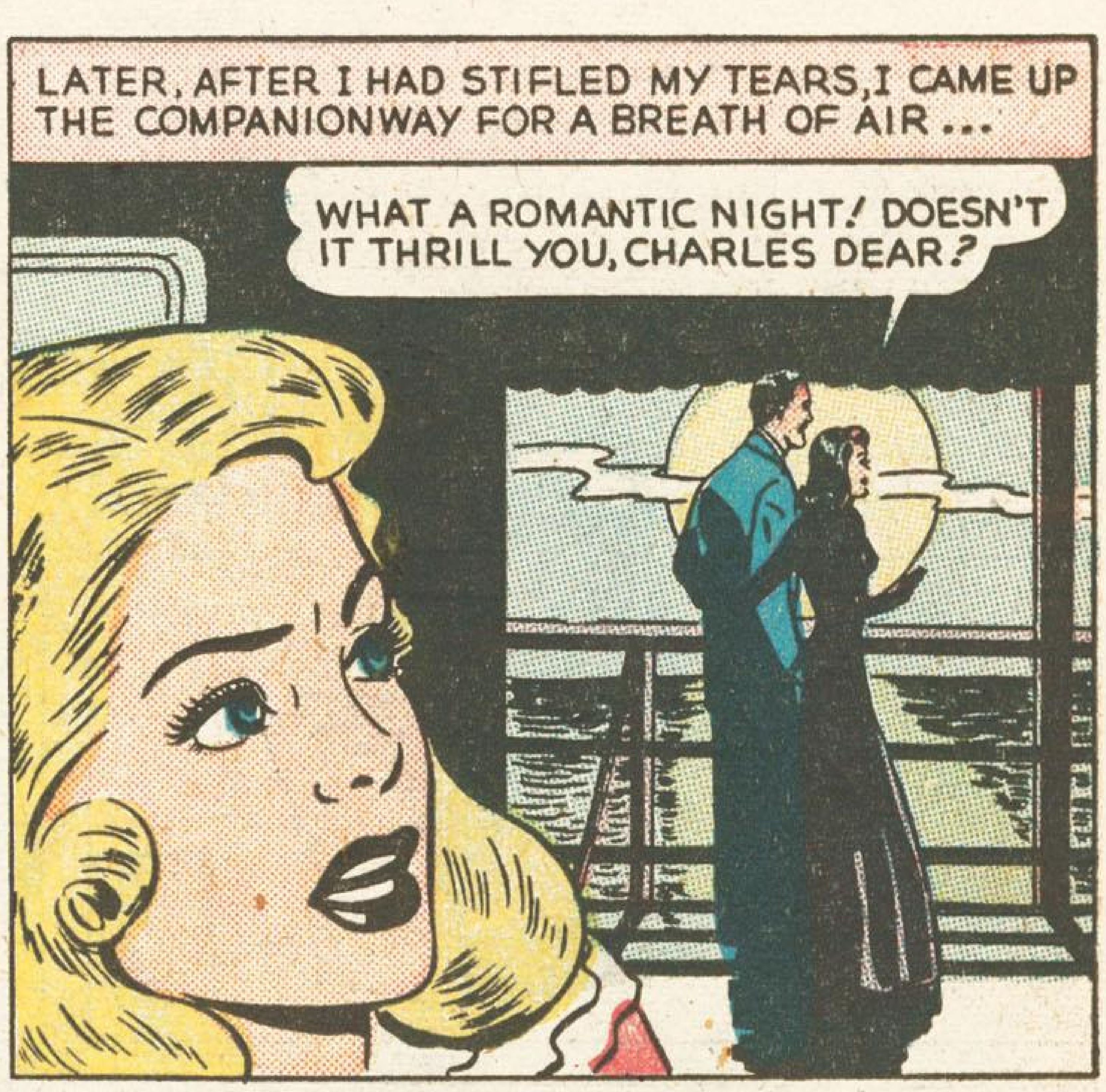

THEN THAT FALL, CHARLES WENT AWAY TO COLLEGE, AND FOR THE FIRST TIME, I REALIZED THE SOCIAL DIFFERENCE BETWEEN US! CHARLES WAS THE SON OF THE RICHEST MAN IN TOWN, AND I WAS THE DAUGHTER OF A SMALL MERCHANT!
GOOD-BYE, MOTHER, I'LL BE BACK FOR THANKSGIVING!
HER DARLING!
GOOD-BYE, MY DARLING!

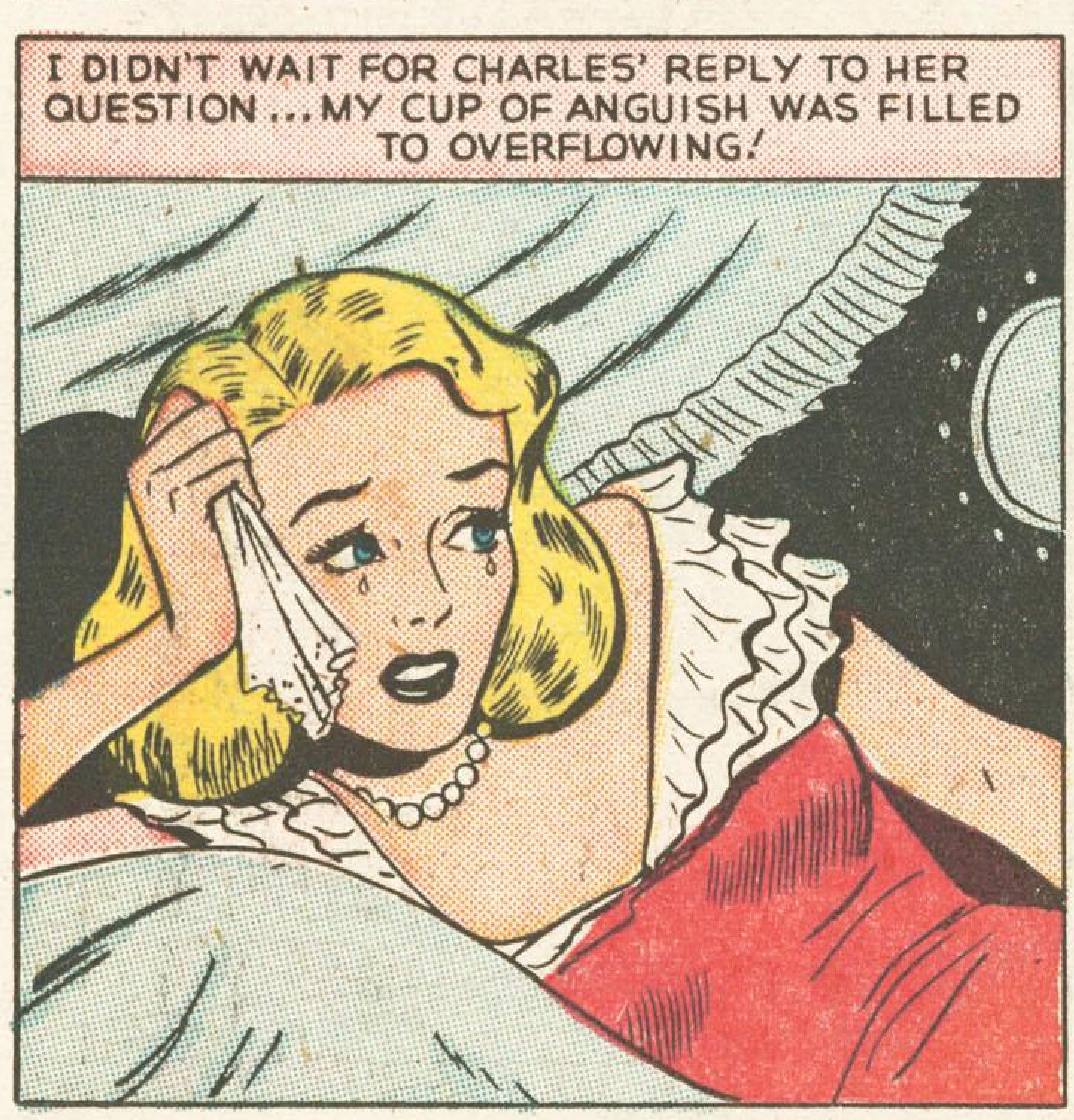
SHE DIDN'T EVEN OFFER TO DRIVE ME HOME!
THEN THINGS CAME BACK TO ME... THE TIME AT CHARLES' HOUSE WHEN I WAS INVITED TO TEA...
THIS IS THE GIRL THAT WILL MARRY ME SOMEDAY, I HOPE!
MY HEART HAD BEEN POUNDING FURIOUSLY WHEN I WENT TO BED! I JUST KNEW MY DREAMS WOULD BE ROSY ONES!
BUT THOSE ROSY DREAMS ELUDED ME MANY TIMES THAT LONG NIGHT AS I PITCHED AND TOSSED IN UNEASY SLUMBER! I DREAMED OF A STERN-FACED, TIGHT-LIPPED WOMAN WHO SEEMED TO LEER AT ME!
AFTER GRADUATION, I HELPED FATHER, AND TIME PASSED SWIFTLY! YET CHARLES WAS ALWAYS IN MY THOUGHTS, AND DURING THOSE COLLEGE YEARS, I WOULD SEE HIM ON WEEKENDS!
THEN ONE WEEKEND IN PARTICULAR...
THIS ENGAGEMENT RING MAKES IT OFFICIAL, DARLING!
OH, CHARLES, IT'S LOVELY!
2

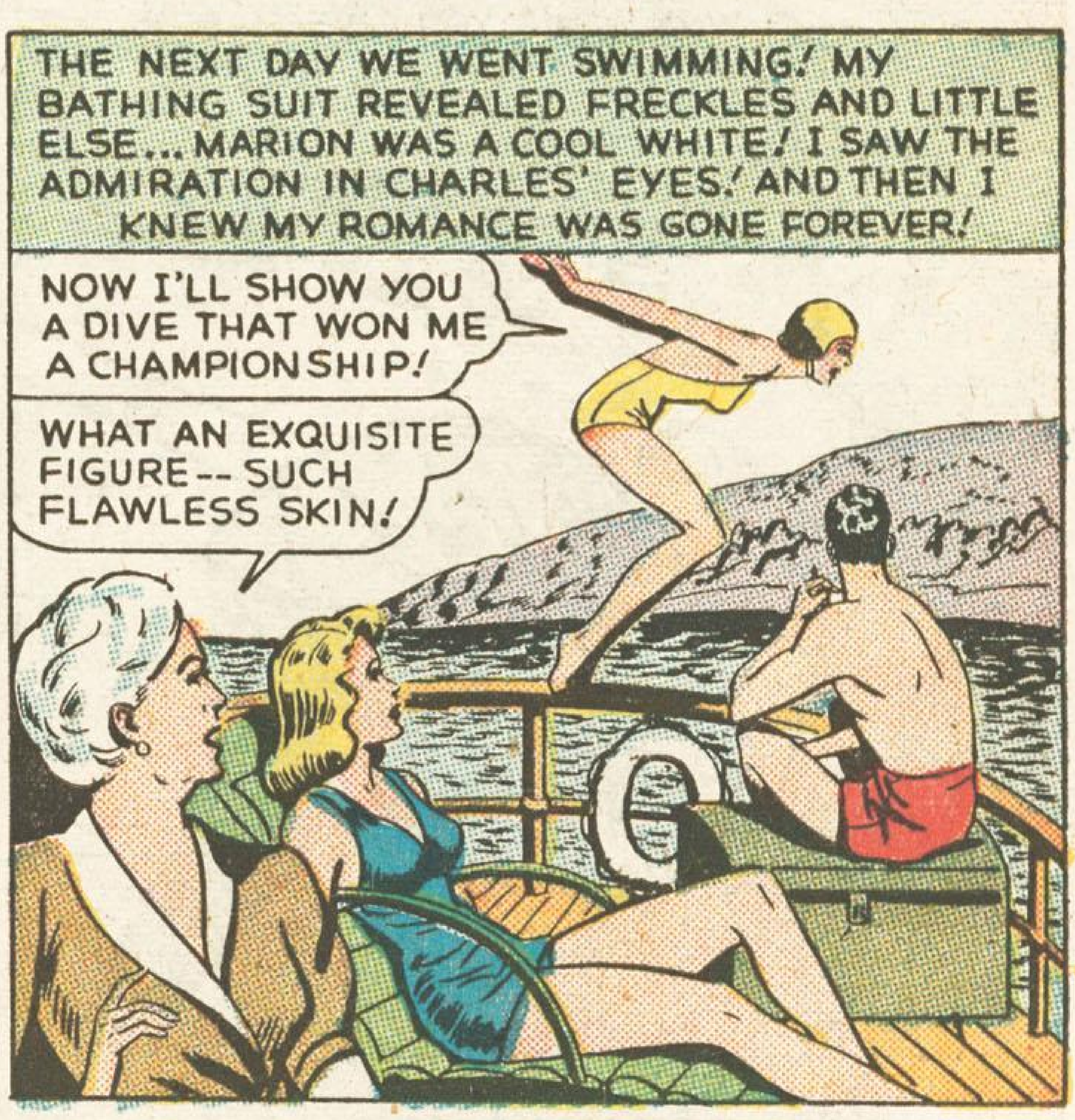
THEN A BLOW FELL ... CHARLES' FATHER SUDDENLY PASSED AWAY! CHARLES HAD JUST GRADUATED AND HAD STARTED HIS CLERKSHIP IN A LAW OFFICE!
HOW DREADFUL, CHARLES!
AS WE RETURNED FROM THE FUNERAL, MY HEART WAS HEAVY-- AN AWFUL FOREBODING POSSESSED ME! I SCENTED TROUBLE--TERRIBLE TROUBLE!
OF COURSE, YOU WILL WAIT A DECENT INTERVAL BEFORE YOUR MARRIAGE?
CERTAINLY, MOTHER, IF YOU WISH IT!
MY FEARS WERE SOON REALIZED! CHARLES' MOTHER INVITED BEAUTIFUL MARION BRENT TO LIVE WITH THEM! I SENSED INSTANTLY THAT I HAD A RIVAL FOR CHARLES' AFFECTION... IT WAS A CLEVER, DIABOLICALLY ARRANGED TRIANGLE!
MONICA DEAR, I'D LIKE YOU TO MEET MARION-- THE DAUGHTER OF A DEAR FRIEND FROM BOSTON! MARION IS TO BE MY SOCIAL SECRETARY!
HOW DO YOU DO?
MARION WASTED NO TIME IN PUTTING ME IN MY PLACE!
OF COURSE, YOU WENT TO VASSAR OR SMITH?
WHY, ER ... NO, I'VE NEVER BEEN TO COLLEGE!
WHAT A PITY! CULTURE IS SUCH AN ASSET, DON'T YOU THINK? ESPECIALLY IF ONE IS LACKING IN SOCIAL POSITION!
OH, MONICA DEAR!
DARLING, WE'RE GOING ON A CRUISE! MOTHER HAS HAD THE YACHT READIED AS A SURPRISE! THE FOUR OF US WILL SAIL OVER THE BOUNDING MAIN NEXT WEEK!
THE ... FOUR ... OF ... US?
3

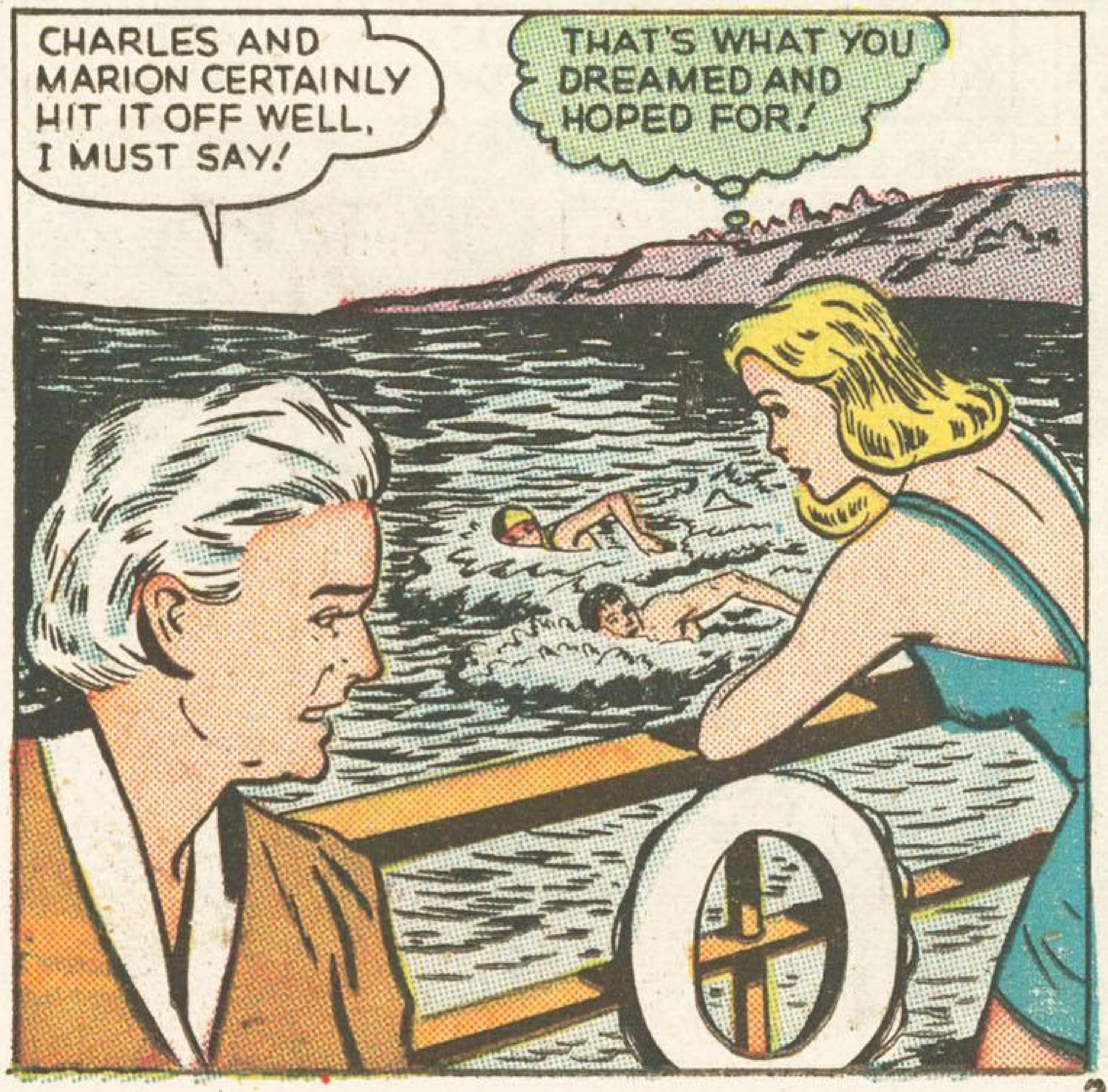
WHAT A THRILL IT SHOULD HAVE BEEN FOR A GIRL TO SAIL ON A PLEASURE CRUISE WITH THE MAN SHE LOVED! BUT, AS I PACKED MY PITIFUL WARDROBE, I FOUND SMALL ELATION IN THE TASK! I FELT LIKE A SHARECROPPER!
ONE EVENING GOWN-- THAT'S ALL I OWN! LAST YEAR'S BATHING SUIT! OH DEAR... OH DEAR! HOW SHALL I EVER MANAGE WITH SO FEW CLOTHES?
MARION ARRIVED WITH A MOUNTAIN OF LUGGAGE! SHE HAD BEEN TOLD ABOUT THE TRIP LONG BEFORE I HAD BEEN, AND SHE HAD HAD TIME TO PLAN HER CLOTHES... CHARLES' MOTHER SAW TO THAT! HER PLAN WAS UNFOLDING!
ARE YOU SURE YOU'VE GOT EVERYTHING, DEAR?
WHY, ER... UH... I GUESS SO...
WHY DON'T YOU GIVE MARION A HAND, CHARLES? I'M SURE MONICA CAN HANDLE THOSE TWO HERSELF--AND DO HURRY!
I WALKED UP THE GANGPLANK WITH LEGS OF LEAD AND HEART OF STONE! I WANTED TO WALK RIGHT DOWN AGAIN-- THEN AND THERE!
YOU'RE SUCH A DEAR, CHARLES!
NERVOUS AND DISTRAUGHT AT DINNER, I SPILLED SOUP ON MY ONLY DINNER GOWN! CHARLES' MOTHER'S WORDS WERE SMALL COMFORT-- SHE KNEW VERY WELL I HAD NO OTHER GOWN!
DON'T BOTHER TO CHANGE NOW, DEAR--WAIT UNTIL DINNER IS OVER!
I HAD LEFT MY WRAP ON THE DINING ROOM CHAIR, AND HAD COME BACK FOR IT! AS I ENTERED THE ROOM, I OVERHEARD TALK...
AND SUCH ATROCIOUS TABLE MANNERS, MY DEAR!
QUITE!
4

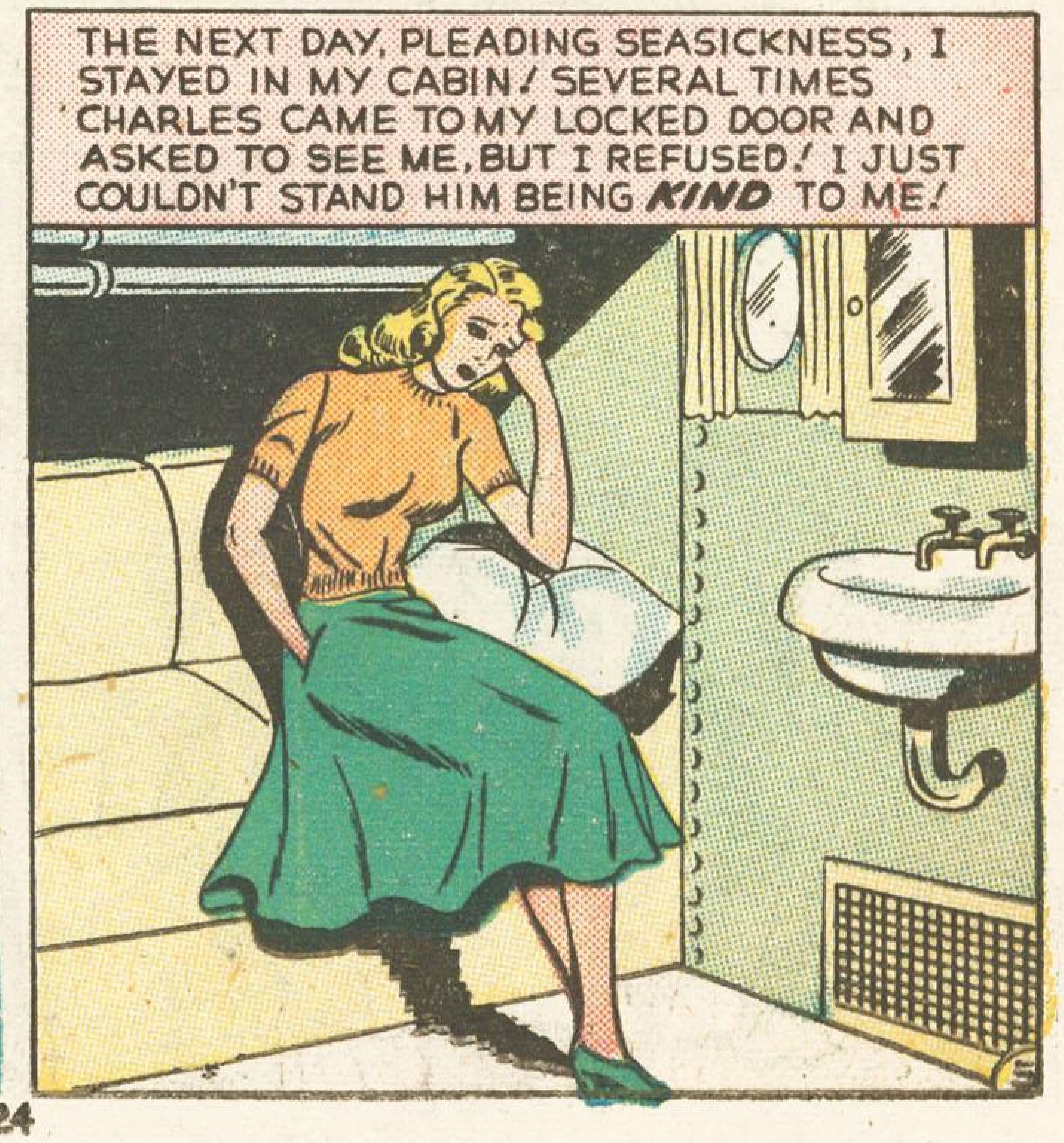

OH!


LATER, AFTER I HAD STIFLED MY TEARS, I CAME UP THE COMPANIONWAY FOR A BREATH OF AIR...
WHAT A ROMANTIC NIGHT! DOESN'T IT THRILL YOU, CHARLES DEAR?


I DIDN'T WAIT FOR CHARLES' REPLY TO HER QUESTION ... MY CUP OF ANGUISH WAS FILLED TO OVERFLOWING!


THE NEXT DAY WE WENT SWIMMING! MY BATHING SUIT REVEALED FRECKLES AND LITTLE ELSE... MARION WAS A COOL WHITE! I SAW THE ADMIRATION IN CHARLES' EYES! AND THEN I KNEW MY ROMANCE WAS GONE FOREVER!
NOW I'LL SHOW YOU A DIVE THAT WON ME A CHAMPIONSHIP!
WHAT AN EXQUISITE FIGURE-- SUCH FLAWLESS SKIN!


CHARLES AND MARION CERTAINLY HIT IT OFF WELL, I MUST SAY!
THAT'S WHAT YOU DREAMED AND HOPED FOR!

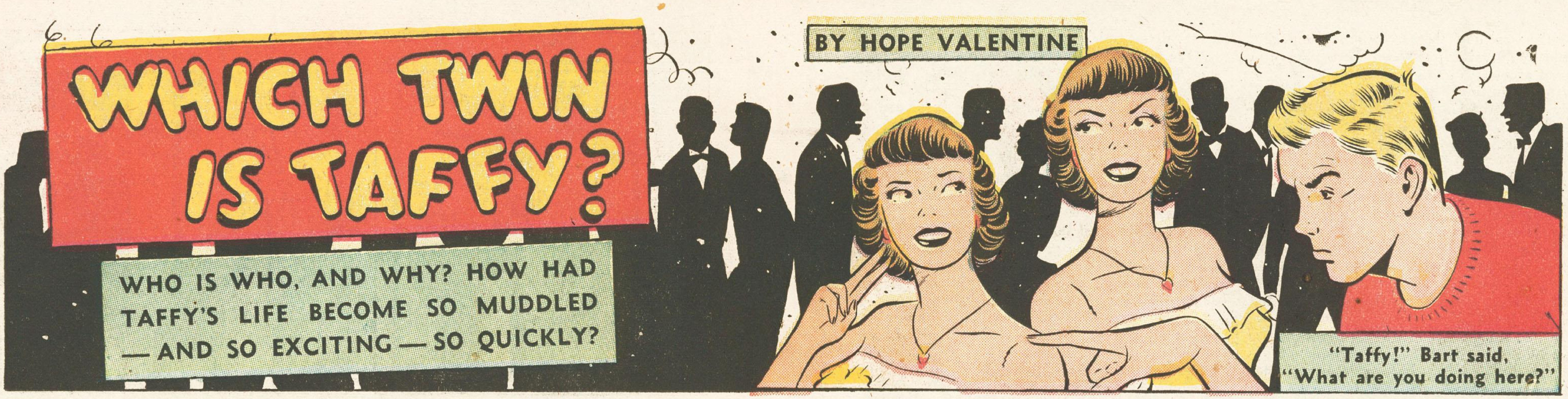

THE NEXT DAY, PLEADING SEASICKNESS, I STAYED IN MY CABIN! SEVERAL TIMES CHARLES CAME TO MY LOCKED DOOR AND ASKED TO SEE ME, BUT I REFUSED! I JUST COULDN'T STAND HIM BEING KIND TO ME!

THE LAST TIME HE KNOCKED, HE BROUGHT GOOD NEWS AND AN *IMPOSSIBLE WISH!*
MONICA DEAR, WE'RE HEADING FOR HOME IN THE MORNING! SLEEP WELL TONIGHT!
I CAN'T GET OFF THIS HORRIBLE BOAT TOO SOON!
THEN SUDDENLY AS I STOOD THERE, I WAS SWIRLED AROUND BY CHARLES' STRONG HANDS!
WHERE ARE YOU GOING IN SUCH A HURRY, LITTLE GIRL? CAN'T YOU EVEN WAIT FOR YOUR FIANCÉ?
I PRETENDED I WASN'T LISTENING! BUT I WAS, WITH ALL MY HEART AND SOUL!
DARLING, MARION MEANS NOTHING TO ME--NEVER DID! SHE'S TOO, TOO UTTERLY PERFECT! SHE MADE SURE I NOTICED IT IN THE PAST FEW DAYS! EVEN MOTHER HAS SEEN THE LIGHT!
I WANT SOMEBODY THAT HAS A FAULT OR TWO, EVEN IF IT IS ONLY A COUPLE OF FRECKLES!
6
I STOPPED HIS PRETTY TALK--IN THE ONLY WAY I KNEW HOW! MY LOVED ONE AND I HAD BEEN THRU A GRUELLING TEST... BUT OUR LOVE HAD WON OUT!
THE END

WHICH TWIN IS TAFFY?

BY HOPE VALENTINE

WHO IS WHO, AND WHY? HOW HAD TAFFY'S LIFE BECOME SO MUDDLED — AND SO EXCITING — SO QUICKLY?



"Taffy!" Bart said, "What are you doing here?"

THE mirrored walls of the great ballroom reflected the gay dancers, a myriad of bright colors shifting in rhythm to the sweet lilting music from the large orchestra banked at one side of the hall.

In the center of the dancers, a vivacious dark-haired girl whirled, passing from one partner to another with each few steps. "Taffy!" each handsome young man pleaded, "save me a dance!"

"Taffy!" a voice shouted—and the scene dissolved. Instead of a glamorous gown, Taffy was wearing dungarees and a polo shirt, and she was sitting on her heels on a stretch of sandy beach digging clams and automatically dropping them in a large bucket. A good-looking boy with crisp blond hair was approaching.

"Oh! Hi, Bart!" Taffy said stiffly, somewhat embarrassed, as if her private dream had been exposed.

It almost seemed as if it had been, for Bart said, with a grin, "Dreaming of fancy parties with flunkies and footmen all over the place?" He stooped and accurately flipped a clam out of the sand.

"I was thinking about clams!" Taffy answered coldly, mentally kicking herself for ever having confided her longings to Bart. He hadn't understood, and never would. "Forget that stuff!" he'd said. "We're not so bad off. We've got the best football team on the island, and the best town in the world—when winter comes and all the summer visitors from the city leave, the *drips*!"

"Drips!" she thought. "They're the *lucky* ones."

"I have enough clams," Taffy said, springing up suddenly. "Guess I'll open up shop." Bart picked up the bucket, and they headed back toward the house.

"Want to go to the movies tonight?" Bart asked shyly. "Mr. Drew said I could use the truck." Taffy sighed. The *movies*, in a *bakery truck*, when she wanted orchids and satin and convertibles! Oh, well . . .

"All right," she said.

"It's a great double feature," Bart said eagerly, and she smiled. After all, he was her special favorite boy, even if he *had* never seen a tuxedo.

When they reached the kitchen, her father was there, finishing his lunch. "Say, Taffy," he said. "Forgot to tell you. When I was in town yesterday, I saw a girl I thought was you in a bright yellow car. Gave me a start. Spittin' image!"

Taffy dropped the clams in the sink and started washing them. "That must be Nina St. John," she said absent-mindedly. "I've never seen her, but lots of people've told me we look alike."

"St. John," her father said, scratching his head. "Oh, yes, they took the Turner place this summer, hmm? Yes, sir! Spittin' image!" He went out, heading for the vegetable garden, still scratching his head.

Taffy had the clams back in the bucket now, and she handed it to Bart. "Let's go," she said. They left the house and walked down the slope of the front yard toward the highway. Under a large elm tree by the road was a wooden frame booth, with a carefully lettered sign in front saying "Clams." Taffy unlocked the door and they went in.

"She *does* look like you," Bart said thoughtfully, heaving the large bucket up onto the low counter.

"Who?" Taffy asked.

"Nina St. What'shername," Bart said.

Taffy sighed. "I wish *she* were me!" she said explosively. "And I wish I were her."

"Oh no, you don't!" Bart said quickly. "You're nice the way you are, even if you do get funny ideas sometimes!"

"What do you know about her?" Taffy asked curiously, but Bart didn't answer. A sleek yellow convertible was just turning in off the highway, and Taffy was staring at the girl in the driver's seat. She didn't notice Bart preparing hastily to depart.

"Bart! Oh, Bart!" the girl at the wheel called shrilly.

"Oh—hi," Bart said, heading for his bakery truck. He turned back to call to Taffy. "I'll pick you up right here at eight, Taffy!"

The girl in the yellow car was watching Bart's truck roll off, her eyes slightly narrowed. Taffy stared.

"Gee, it's *amazing*!" she exclaimed involuntarily. "*You* look just like *me*!" It was true. This girl had the same creamy skin, the same lustrous brown hair and slightly turned-up nose, the same winglike eyebrows that Taffy saw in her mirror every morning.

"You must be Taffy Phillips," the girl said sweetly. "I'm Nina St. John. And if you'll forgive my saying so, it seems to me that it's *you* who looks like *me*!"

"Would you like some clams?" Taffy asked politely.

"I don't mind," Nina said, "if they're really good."

Nina sat back lazily in the car while Taffy prepared a dozen clams, discarding three in the process as not good enough. She carried the plate out to the car and then turned to go back to the booth.

"Wait, don't go," Nina said. "Stay and talk to me. We're practically twins; we ought to be friends!"

"Twins!" Taffy thought. "Why, *she* has glamour, and I don't! It's because she's got this car, and pretty clothes and doesn't have to work in a dirty old booth by the road selling dirty old clams!"

"Taffy, listen!" Nina was saying, her voice tingling with excitement. "I've just had the most marvelous idea! What a joke it'd be! Why, we could fool anyone!"

"What?" Taffy asked, puzzled. "What are you talking about?"

"Listen," Nina said, speaking in low, confidential tones. "I'm having a party tonight—a big party—in the ballroom of our place. How would you like to come?"

A party! In the ballroom of the Turner estate! Instantly Taffy's dream returned to her in a rushing sensation of music, and lights, and herself twirling . . .

Nina was chattering on about how she had thought the great mirrored hall shouldn't be left unused any longer, and about the friends she'd invited, some from neighboring estates—and others all the way from New York—who were to spend the night.

"I'm sure it will be wonderful fun!" Nina said, and then, impatiently, "Well, do you want to come or don't you?"

"Oh! Why—I'd love to!" Taffy stammered.

"There's just one condition," Nina said. "Or rather, two. I want you to wear a dress I'll send over to you! I guarantee it'll be a nice dress!"

Taffy couldn't believe it—her problem solved, her dream had come true! But why? *Why* should Nina want her to wear a special kind of dress? Then she understood. "Do you want me to dress like you?" she asked, mystified.

"That's right," Nina said. "It's like a practical joke. I want to see if it'll fool my friends. That's the other condition, you see." She smiled mischievously. "If people do think you're me, you mustn't tell them. Just pretend you're Nina St. John!"

"I could do it!" Taffy thought. "I can be just like this glamorous girl! I'll play the part!"

"Well, I have to go!" Nina said, paying for the clams. "It's almost time for the train my friends are coming on to arrive."

She put the car in gear. "Be sure to be at my house by quarter of eight," she cautioned. "Oh, and by the way, don't bother breaking your date with Bart Winters! I'll tell him when he brings the bread around!"

"Thanks!" Taffy called out. "I'll be there!"

Taffy was glad Nina was going to tell Bart, so she wouldn't have to do it herself. She suspected that he would disapprove for some reason all his own.

At five o'clock a delivery boy drove up with a package for Taffy. It was a long suitbox and she knew immediately that it must be the dress from Nina St. John. Taffy had been kept busy all afternoon shelling clams for gay carloads of people bound for the beach, and now she felt justified in asking her father to take over.

"Sure, Taffy, run along," he grinned. "But what's up?"

Taffy just smiled mysteriously and ran to the house with her package. In her bedroom she unwrapped it quickly and pulled out folds and folds of pale yellow organdie and lace. It was the most beautiful dress she had ever seen! Taffy gasped with delight as she spread the golden cloud on her bed. Tucked deeply inside the box was a thin black velvet ribbon which reached from her curls to the end of the gown!

"It's dreamy!" she thought, climbing out of her dungarees and polo shirt and pulling the dress swiftly over her head. She turned in front of the mirror and surveyed herself from all angles. It was perfect.

Then she noticed that there was a pair of black velvet ballet slippers in the box, also, and a note stuck into one of them.

"If they're too big, just pull the drawstring!" the note advised.

Taffy was ready at seven o'clock. In the midst of her preparations, she managed to get some dinner together which she carried out to her father.

He whistled when he saw her dress. "What's this?" he asked. "I don't remember buying you a new dress. Going to a fancy party, hmm?"

"The dress is really just borrowed, Dad," Taffy said nervously. "I'm going to a party at the St. John's."

"St. John's!" he exclaimed. "Thought you said this morning you'd never even met the girl!"

"Oh, Dad!" Taffy pleaded. "It's all right for me to go, isn't it? I'll tell you all about it in the morning! Right now I have to get started!" She blew him a kiss and ran off into the warm August evening.

When she turned in at the gate to the Turner estate, Taffy saw the great house all lit up. The wing where she knew the ballroom to be was specially bright, and she hastened her steps, anxious for her dream to become alive.

As she approached the front door, a figure in yellow slipped out of one of the French doors on the terrace and, rushing up to Taffy, drew her aside into the shadows. It was Nina, in a yellow organdie dress and black ballet slippers.

"You're perfect!" she whispered excitedly. "We couldn't look more alike! But don't go in the front door. Come this way!"

She led Taffy to the French door, and they slipped into a darkened dining room.

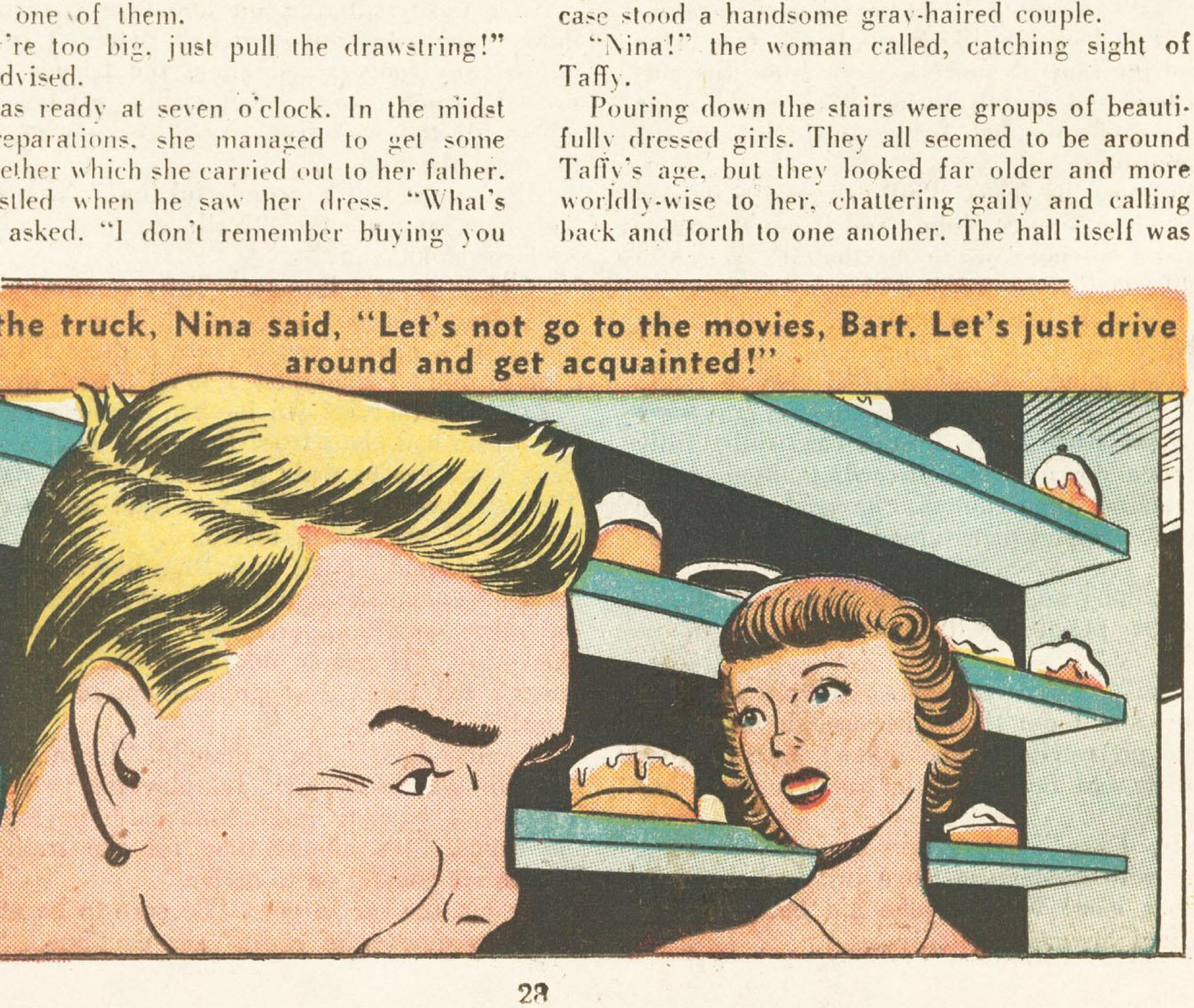
"Right in there!" Nina pointed to a closed door. "And don't forget . . ." She opened the door and gave Taffy a little push through it, ". . . don't forget, you're *Nina St. John*!"

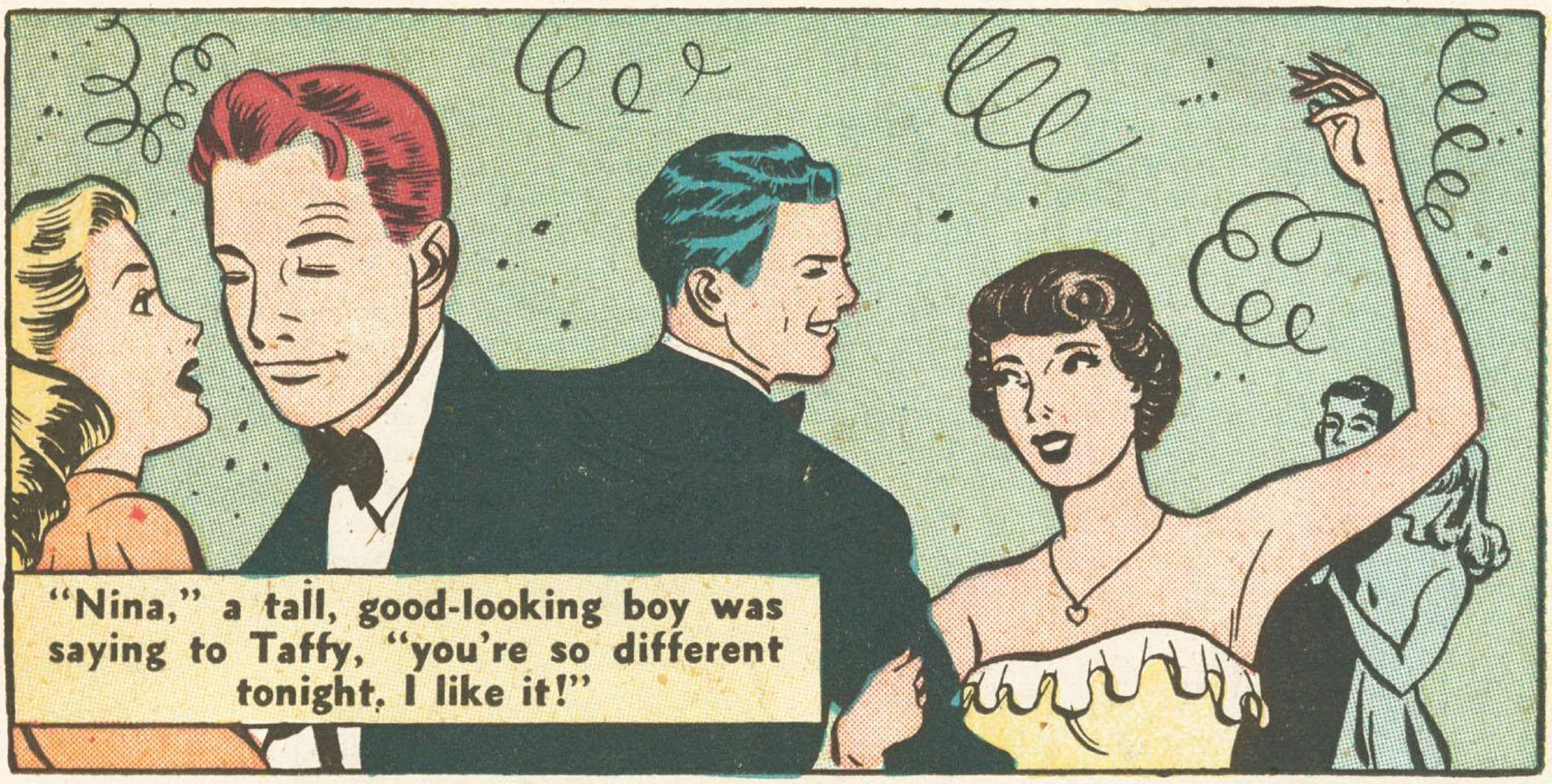
The door closed behind Taffy and she stood on the threshold of a large hallway, bewildered. The lights were bright. At the foot of the great staircase stood a handsome gray-haired couple.

"Nina!" the woman called, catching sight of Taffy.

Pouring down the stairs were groups of beautifully dressed girls. They all seemed to be around Taffy's age, but they looked far older and more worldly-wise to her, chattering gaily and calling back and forth to one another. The hall itself was

Inside the truck, Nina said, "Let's not go to the movies, Bart. Let's just drive around and get acquainted!"




"Nina," a tall, good-looking boy was saying to Taffy, "you're so different tonight. I like it!"

thronged with boys in dark suits, tuxedos, and dinner jackets, and more gay, laughing girls. From the ballroom beyond came strains of music. Taffy's heart leaped. This was all perfect, just like her dream.

"Nina!" The gray-haired woman was beside her now, looking anxiously at her. "My, you look strange! Don't just stand there like a dummy, dear! Go into the ballroom and get the dancing started!"

"Yes—Mother," Taffy said, feeling a little silly to be calling this strange woman "mother," but determined to play her part. She moved away through the crowd toward the ballroom.

"Nina!" A tall, good-looking boy caught her arm. "I've been looking for you!"

"Then let's dance!" Taffy said gaily. "Come on, everybody!"

She stepped into the boy's arms at the threshold of the ballroom, and together they danced across the room. As they did so, other couples drifted onto the floor, and before long the scene was just as she had imagined it would be. It didn't occur to her to wonder where Nina was as she whirled around the room in first one pair of arms, then another, and another . . .

Back in the clam booth, Stanley Phillips was refilling his pipe when he saw the headlights of the bakery truck bobbing down the road.

"Wonder what young Winters is coming here for," he thought, "when Taffy's out."

Then he saw a figure in a yellow dress step out from beside the road and hail the truck. It slowed down and the girl got in.

"That's funny!" Mr. Phillips thought. "She must've decided not to stay at the party. Changeable as quicksilver, that girl."

Inside the truck, Bart said, without taking his eyes off the road, "Are you all set for the movie? Bring your glasses?"

Nina answered softly, "Oh—no, I forgot them. But let's not go to the movies, Bart. Let's just drive around and get acquainted."

Bart roared with laughter. "Get acquainted!" he howled. "Why, I've known you since you were in the second grade."

"But maybe you never really knew me," Nina persisted. "Tonight I feel like a different person. You ought to try to get to know the new me!"

Bart stirred uncomfortably.

"Gee, Taffy," he said, "I wish we could go to the movies and hold hands like we always do."

"Well, all right," Nina said. "If you really want to, let's! I can see without my glasses."

Back at the party Taffy was having a hard time. She couldn't take part in most of the gossipy conversations about people she supposedly knew, so she was forced to say, "I don't feel like talking," to many of her partners.

"Gee, Nina," the tall good-looking boy who had been her first partner was saying, "you sure are different tonight. Quiet. I like it!"

He held her closer, and it made her uncomfortable. She pulled away. "Excuse me, please," she said, conscious that she still didn't know his name. "I want to go upstairs a minute."

Taffy pushed her way through the crowd, smiling in answer to everyone who greeted her.

"Are you having a nice time, dear?" the gray-haired woman, still in the hall, called out as Taffy started up the stairway.

"Lovely," Taffy answered, hurrying up the stairs. She was very anxious to get away from the crush of the dancers, the noise and the confusion. She just didn't know what was expected of her while she was masquerading as Nina, and several people had already looked at her a little strangely during the evening.

"I guess they think I'm ill," she thought. "Well, I'm beginning to feel that way."

At the head of the stairs she stopped, confused. There were so many rooms . . . Then the sound of voices came to her from behind one of the doors. She headed for it, but she paused as she heard a girl's voice speak her own name.

"—some little nobody named Taffy Phillips. Sells clams, no less!" There was shrill laughter. Another girl's voice said, "Well, I knew he *must* have a girl. He's so good-looking. Every time he delivers the bread I nearly pass out!"

Taffy stood outside the door listening, fascinated. They were talking about Bart! What on earth—?

"I've kept my eyes on Nina all evening. She seems unhappy, I guess because her little plan went astray . . ."

The first voice went on. "When he refused to come to the party, she really got desperate. She swore she'd have a date with him by tonight at the latest. That girl! When she is *determined*, nothing stops her. And I must say she was certainly determined to get Bart Winters in her clutches!"

"She is a terrific wolf," the other girl said. "She should be kept in a cage." They both laughed, and Taffy heard their laughter moving nearer the door. She darted to the stairs and ran down as fast as she could and out through the dining room onto the terrace.

Once outside, she leaned back against the French doors, breathing hard. So! No wonder Nina hadn't been around all evening! *She'd* been off pretending to be Taffy, and having a date with Bart!

"Bart only has dates with me!" she thought fiercely. Suddenly the whole thing—her dream come true—seemed a nightmare! "This old party isn't worth it!" she thought. "It's not worth not being myself—and not being with Bart!"

Turning, she re-entered the dining room and hurried into the hall and directly up to the gray-haired woman.

"Mrs. St. John!" she said loudly. "I'm not your daughter! Your daughter is out riding in a—a *bakery truck*!" Her voice broke, but instead of crying she laughed. The gray-haired woman was staring at her, and the confusion was attracting the dancers who crowded around.

"My dear child—what is the matter?" Mrs. St. John was really confused. Two girls were coming down the stairway, both in red dresses, their eyes popping with excitement. "I bet they're the ones who were talking about Bart," Taffy thought.

Suddenly the front door burst open and in walked Nina St. John, followed by an angry-looking Bart. Everyone's eyes went from the one girl in yellow organdie to the other and back again, practically in unison.

"Oh, my heavens—" Mrs. St. John said hopelessly.

"Taffy!" Bart said, coming quickly to her side. "What are you doing here?"

"Slumming," Taffy said, and giggled. She smiled up at him. "You knew she wasn't me, didn't you?" she asked softly.

Bart squeezed her arm. "I didn't really get a look at her," he said, "until we got down in front of the theater. But when she said she didn't need her glasses in the movies, I thought something was funny."

Everyone was crowding around Nina, anxious for the details of her "practical joke."

"Let's go!" Bart said to Taffy. As they went out the door, Taffy saw one of the girls in red swoop down on Nina.

"I don't think you *quite* made the grade, dear," she said. Nina's face turned pink.

Climbing into the bakery truck, Taffy could see that Bart was still angry about the trick that had been played on him.

"I hope you've had enough fancy parties for a while!" he said gruffly.

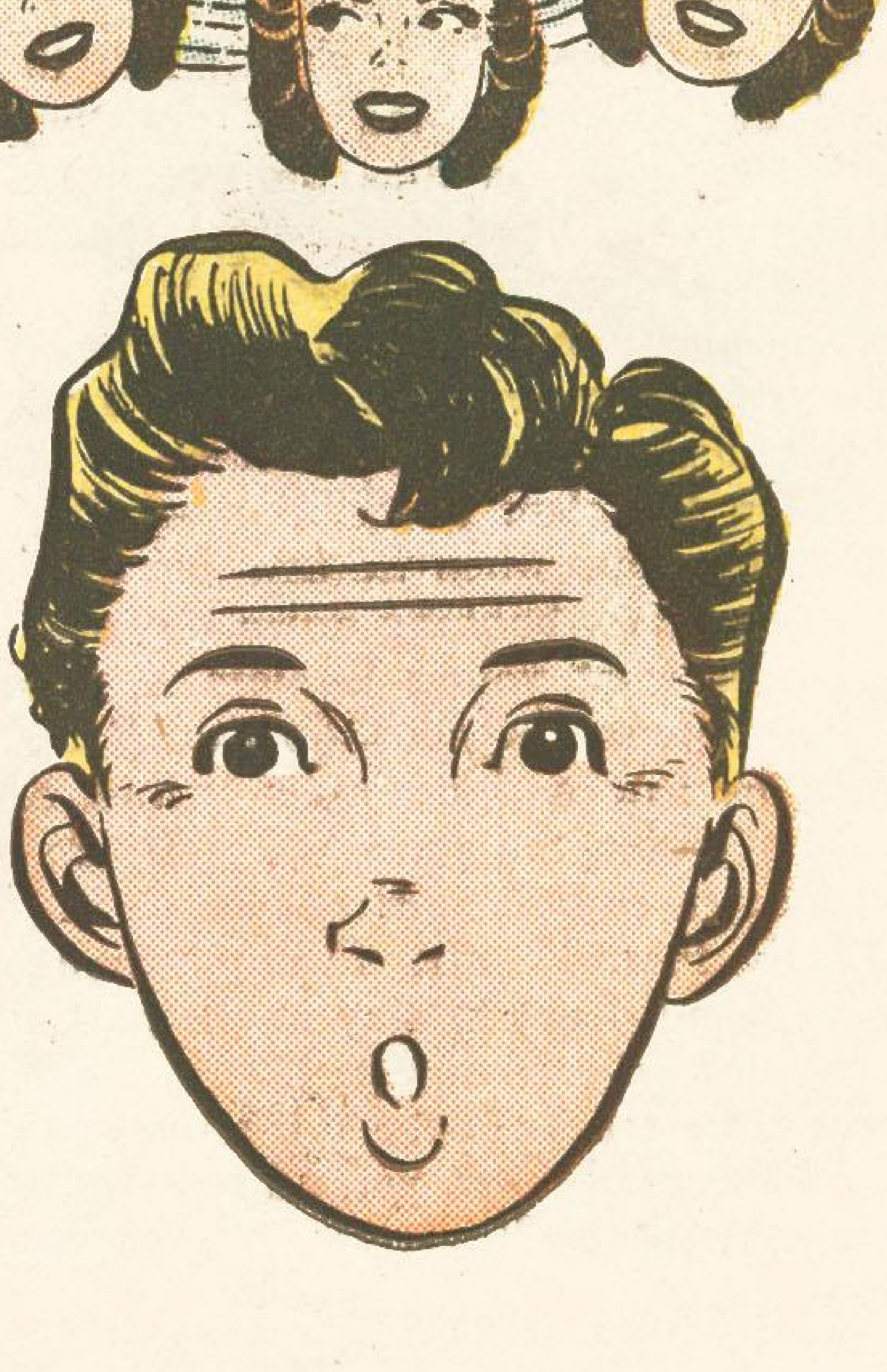
"Quite enough, thank you," Taffy said, sighing contentedly as she leaned back against the cushions.

"Those people aren't really fun, Bart," she said. "Not like you!"

He grinned. "Okay, then," he said. "And haven't we got the best football team and the best town—?"

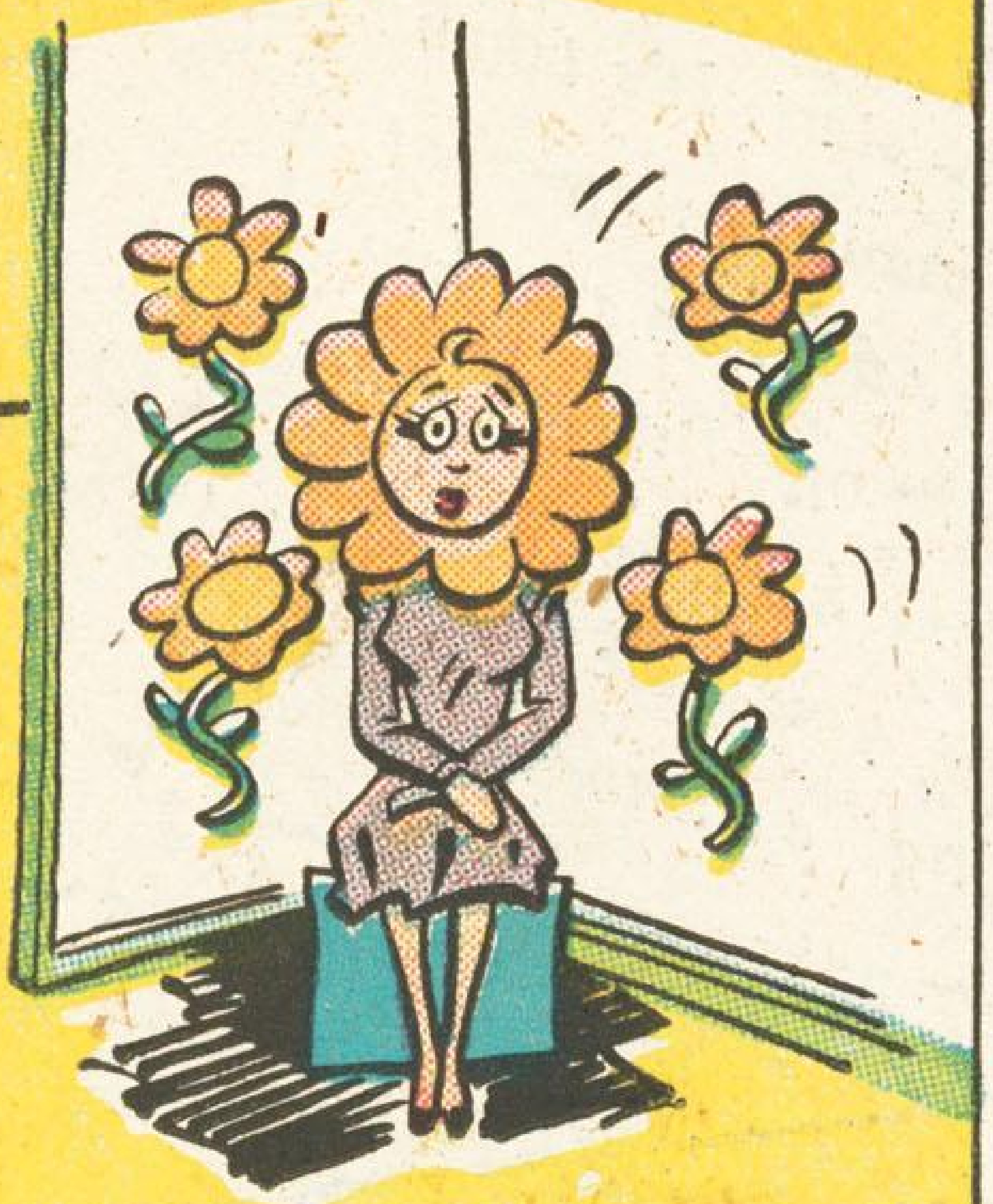
"Oh, yes." Taffy grinned back. "I can't wait till fall when all the *drips* will leave!"

THE END

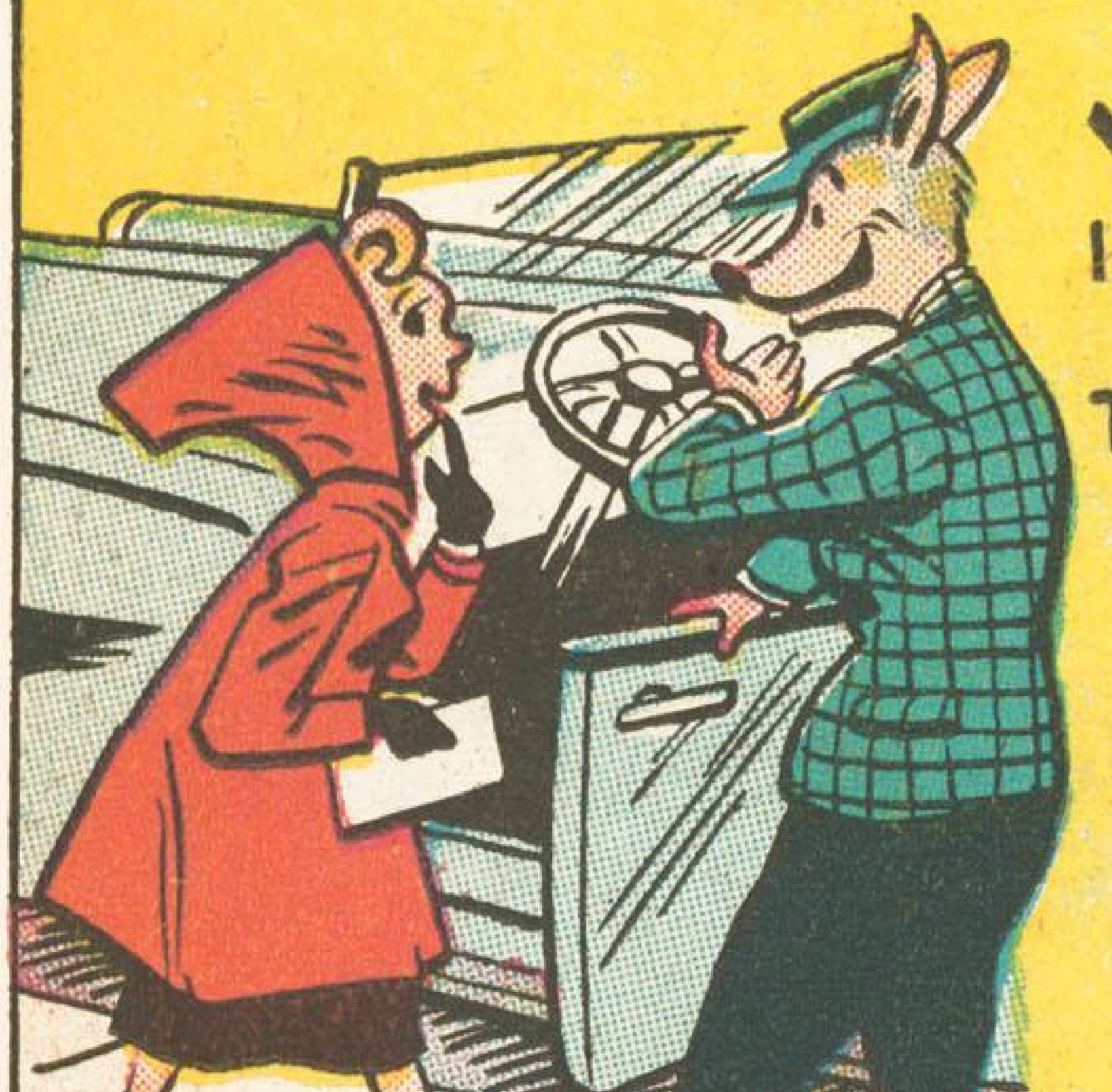


RHYMES AND REASONS

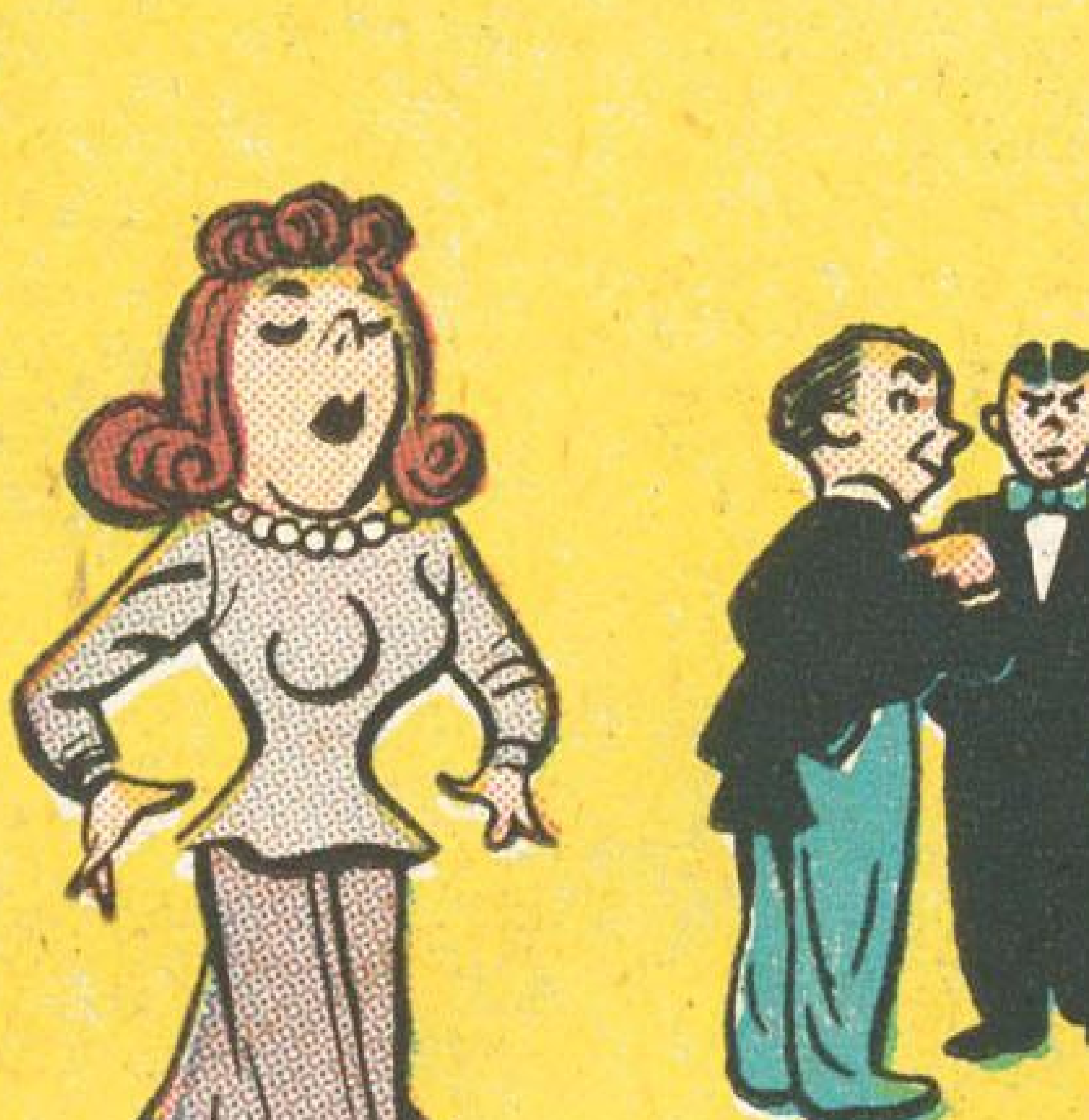
THESE GALS FROM MOTHER GOOSE ARE SOCIAL FLOPS! FILL IN THE BLANKS AND YOU'LL FIND OUT WHO THEY ARE...



IN OUR ESTIMATION
THERE'S NO ONE FOR-
LORNER
THAN GALS WHO,
LIKE ________
JUST SIT IN A
CORNER!



YOUNG ________
IS SCORNED BY THIS
POET...
THE MAN WAS A
WOLF
AND SHE DIDN'T
KNOW IT!



GALS ACTING STUCK
UP,
ARE NOT NICE AT
ALL
LIKE ________
THEY'RE DUE FOR
A FALL!

ANSWERS:

1. JACKIE HORNER
2. RED RIDING HOOD
3. HUMPTY DUMPTY

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No. 584	Crazy Mirror	29c
No. 644	Jumping Candy	19c
No. 583	Itching Powder	15c
No. 537	Imitation Roaches	15c
No. 512	Pepper Gum	15c
No. 721	"Light-Up" Bow Tie	$1.98
No. 554	Whirring Letter	29c
No. 528	Rubber Point Pencil	15c
No. 556	Dirty Soap	19c
No. 579	Hole in One Gum	19c
No. 505	Glow in Dark Paint	$1.00
No. 601	Hot Tooth Picks	19c

MAGIC:

No. 707	Nail Thru Finger	19c
No. 591	Throw Your Voice (Ventrillo)	15c
No. 90	Magic Cards (Read from Back)	$1.49
No. 652	Vanishers	49c

NOVELTIES:

No. 701	Strip Tease Necktie (Loses Clothes in Dark)	$1.64
No. 641	Radio Mike (Talk Thru Own Radio)	$1.49
No. 587	Realistic Snake	39c
No. 630	Big Fake Diamond Ring	39c

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Charm Corner

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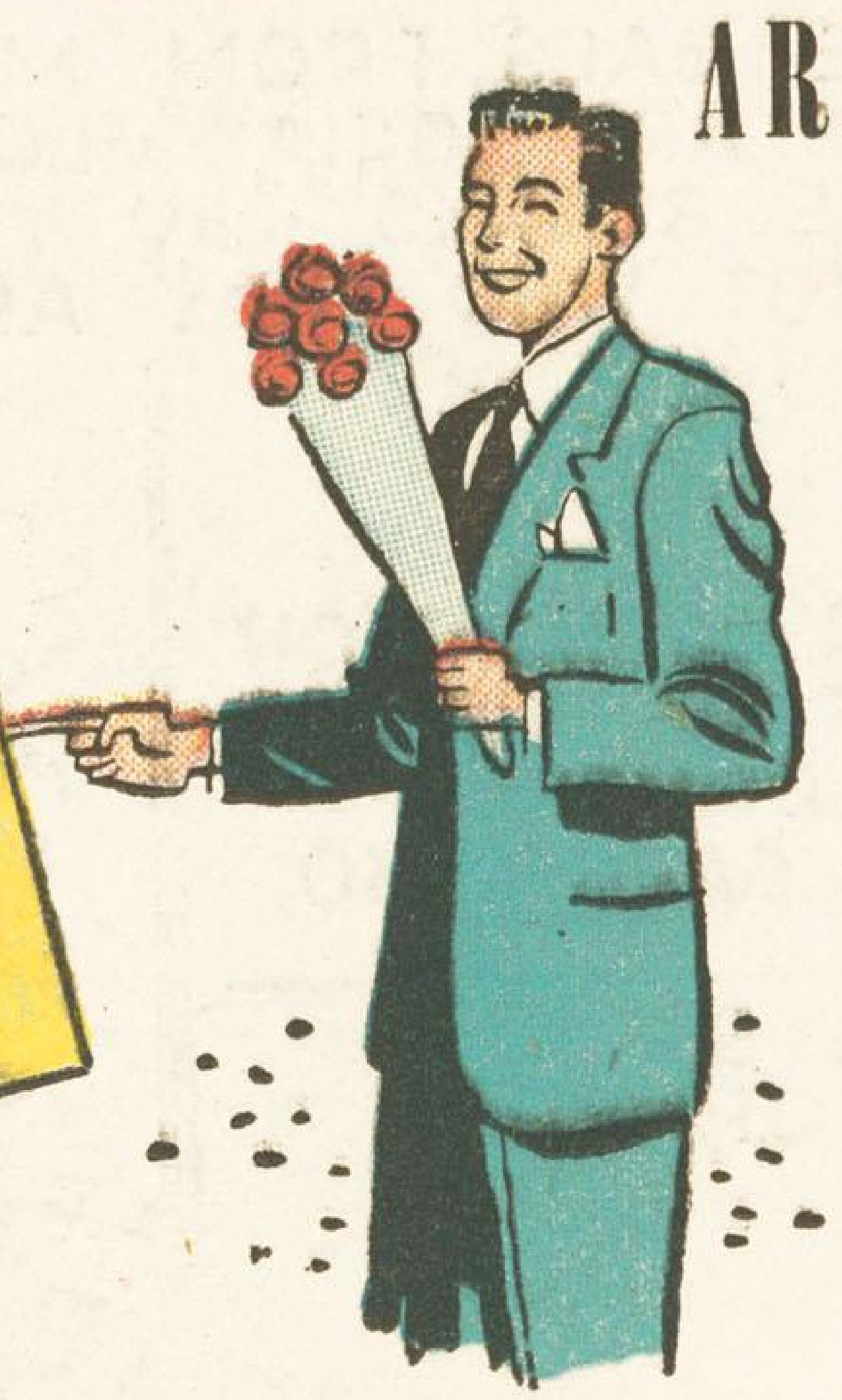
R-r-r-ring goes the bell and z-z-z-zing goes your heart . . . and you know it's time for your date to start. It's taken months of careful maneuvering—but you've finally made a dent on a certain gent . . . and you're off! But will you pass the test? Will he take you out again? See how you rate when it comes to being a smooth date!



1 There's the bell—but where are you?

(a) Ready to open the door and introduce Jim to your parents?

(b) Still sailing soap in the bathtub?

2 You and Jim have left the house, and you're alone together.

(a) Is your tongue paralyzed?

(b) Or have you done research on his favorite subjects so you can start a conversation?

3 Jim says, "Let's go bowling!" You're tops on the school team and know you can beat his score easily.

(a) Do you check your talents with your coat?

(b) Or are you out to raise your average, even if you surpass Jim in doing so?

4 You're rumpled when you reach the Sweet Shoppe.

(a) Do you place your instruments on the table and begin a repair job?

(b) Or excuse yourself and primp in private?

5 "Go ahead, order anything you like!" Jim says—and those are wonderful words because you're *starving!*

(a) Do you toss off a T-bone and shrimp cocktail?

(b) Or are you happy with a hamburger?

6 The end of the evening's come, and you've had lots of fun, but you . . .

(a) Know it's time to say goodnight.

(b) Suggest something else to do, just for the sake of staying up late.

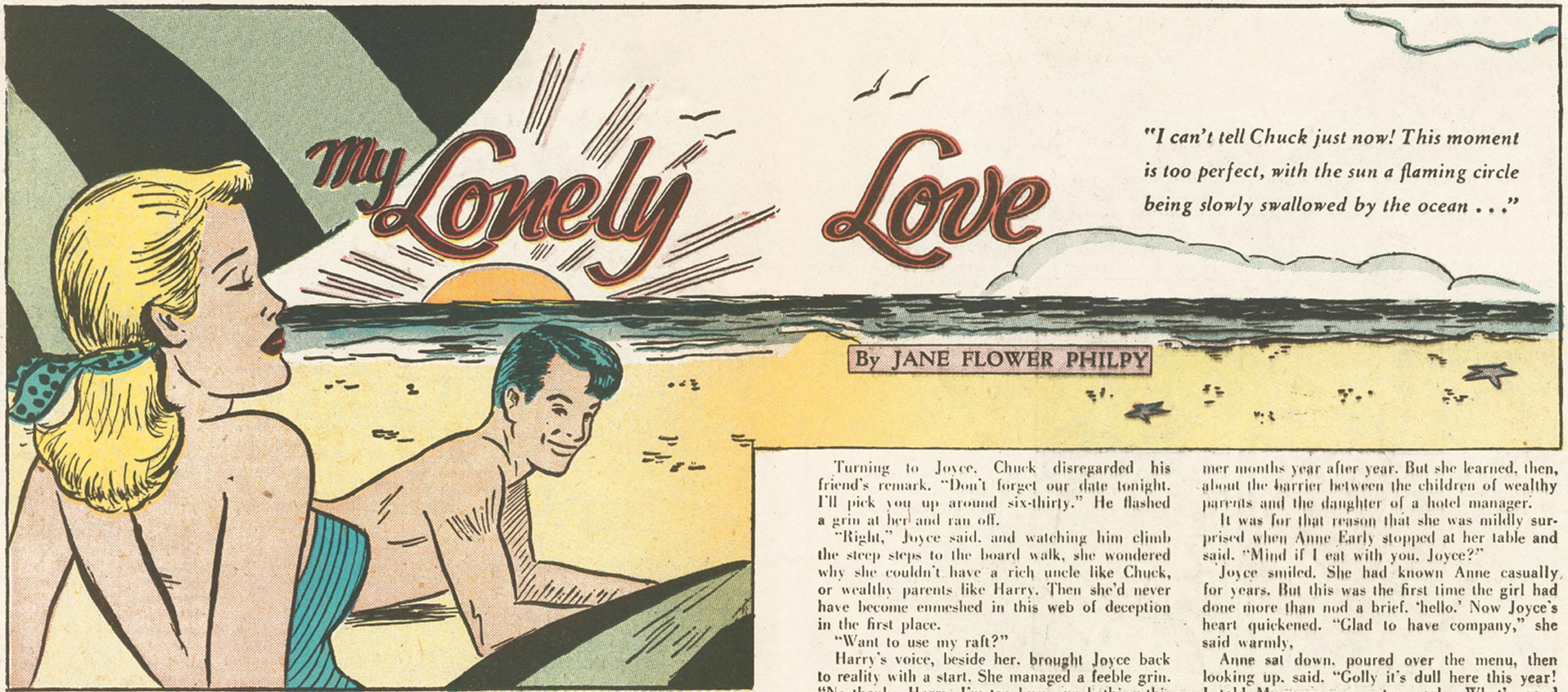
ANSWERS:

1. Consideration and good manners come before making an entrance—and until a fellow knows your family, you should never allow him to flounder alone! 2. You may have to memorize something to say before you leave, but it's worth it—to carry you safely over the first few minutes of the first date. 3. If you want to impress Jim, give him a good race, but *don't* beat him. No matter what he says, it kills just a little bit of his feeling for you. 4. Putting on your make-up in public is taboo! 5. Don't always take the gentleman literally. He may have enough to cover the check, but he's still very pleased if you don't force him to spend it. 6. It's a wise girl who goes home while she's still having fun!

My Lonely Love

"I can't tell Chuck just now! This moment is too perfect, with the sun a flaming circle being slowly swallowed by the ocean . . ."

By JANE FLOWER PHILPY



JOYCE CARLISLE lay on the warm, sandy beach, lulled into a sense of deep, rich complacency by the strength-sapping sun rays. The great ball of tension that had laid leadenly in the pit of her stomach for weeks unwound and dissolved.

Tonight, at Anne Early's clambake, she would tell the gang what she had been dreading to tell them . . . and it would make no difference. They would keep on liking her . . . keep on including her in their plans—just as they had all summer.

She rolled over, picked up a handful of sand and let it sift slowly through her fingers. And then, quite suddenly, all the joy drained out of her. The tension came back. There was no use denying it! When Anne and Harry and Chuck and all the rest knew she'd used deception to become an acceptable member of their crowd, it *would* make a difference, a great and terrifying difference!

In the distance, Chuck Eberhart let out a banshee-like yell and came bounding across the beach, scattering not only Joyce's thoughts, but a mixture of salt water and sand as well. Harry Bates, struggling along behind, carried an inflated rubber life mat almost twice his size.

"Hey, Joyce," Chuck yelled, "what time is it?" He skidded to a stop and stood, hands on hips, grinning down at the slim blonde girl, whose outstretched arms were a warm toasty brown against the pale beach sand.

Rolling over, Joyce made a face. "You're all wet!" she laughed. Then, crawling to where her beach bag lay, she fished inside, brought out a towel and a tiny gold watch. Squinting at the watch, she said, "It's three-thirty on the nose. And if you're going back to the hotel, you'd better dry off. Mom and Dad are particular about the appearance of their guests."

Chuck groaned as he caught the towel. "Such are the problems and penalties involved in knowing the manager's daughter!" he sighed.

Harry let the life mat flop down on the beach, then turned to Chuck. "Hey, you're not going in are you? The afternoon's still a baby!"

"Got to wake Uncle Jake from his nap," Chuck said.

"You sure take good care of him," Harry grumbled.

"Why shouldn't I? Uncle Jake's a good guy!"

"And besides," Harry added slyly, "he pays all the bills."

Turning to Joyce, Chuck disregarded his friend's remark. "Don't forget our date tonight. I'll pick you up around six-thirty." He flashed a grin at her and ran off.

"Right," Joyce said, and watching him climb the steep steps to the board walk, she wondered why she couldn't have a rich uncle like Chuck, or wealthy parents like Harry. Then she'd never have become enmeshed in this web of deception in the first place.

"Want to use my raft?"

Harry's voice, beside her, brought Joyce back to reality with a start. She managed a feeble grin. "No thanks, Harry, I'm too busy sun bathing this afternoon!"

Flopping over on her tummy, Joyce buried her face in the crook of her arm. She didn't want to think, or remember. For just this short space between now and tonight she wanted to be lulled back to that wonderful sense of unreality. But her subconscious wouldn't cooperate. Her thoughts mingled, tangled, fused, and then abruptly, a curtain parted in her mind. She was back in the big Sea View Hotel dining room with Anne the day it all started.

It had been at the very beginning of the tourist season and Joyce was mentally and morally exhausted from a strenuous two-week cleaning program into which she had been drafted, because of an unexpected help shortage. She remembered, poignantly, how lonesome she had been at her table for two in the big noisy dining room. But then, living in hotels was a lonesome business. She had found that out long ago. You met people who looked interesting, but they moved on and more interesting-looking people took their place. But they left, too, very soon . . . .too soon.

Joyce and her family had stayed at Sea View for five years now, and Joyce had hoped to make friends with those who came to spend the summer months year after year. But she learned, then, about the barrier between the children of wealthy parents and the daughter of a hotel manager.

It was for that reason that she was mildly surprised when Anne Early stopped at her table and said, "Mind if I eat with you, Joyce?"

Joyce smiled. She had known Anne casually for years. But this was the first time the girl had done more than nod a brief, 'hello.' Now Joyce's heart quickened. "Glad to have company," she said warmly,

Anne sat down, poured over the menu, then looking up, said, "Golly it's dull here this year! I told Mums we came too early. What's good eating today, Joyce?"

Joyce flushed. She bit her lower lip to keep back a rush of angry words. Anne hadn't meant to be rude, she told herself firmly. "I had lobster salad. It was wonderful."

"Swell. I love lobster." In perfect, rounded penmanship Anne wrote out her order. And watching her, Joyce was suddenly glad she hadn't given way to her anger. "You write like an artist." Joyce smiled. "Are you?"

Looking up, Anne handed her order to the waiter. "That's what I'm studying," she said, interest suddenly sparkling in her wide blue eyes. "How did you know?"

"Intuition, I guess." Joyce shrugged, laughing. "That's my main interest in life. I'm going to Lakehurst School for Girls next year to finish high school and then on to their Junior College. They say they have the best art course in this part of the country."

"Lakehurst!" The word rose from Anne's throat in an explosion of mingled joy and astonishment.

Puzzled, Joyce said, "Why, yes, I . . ."

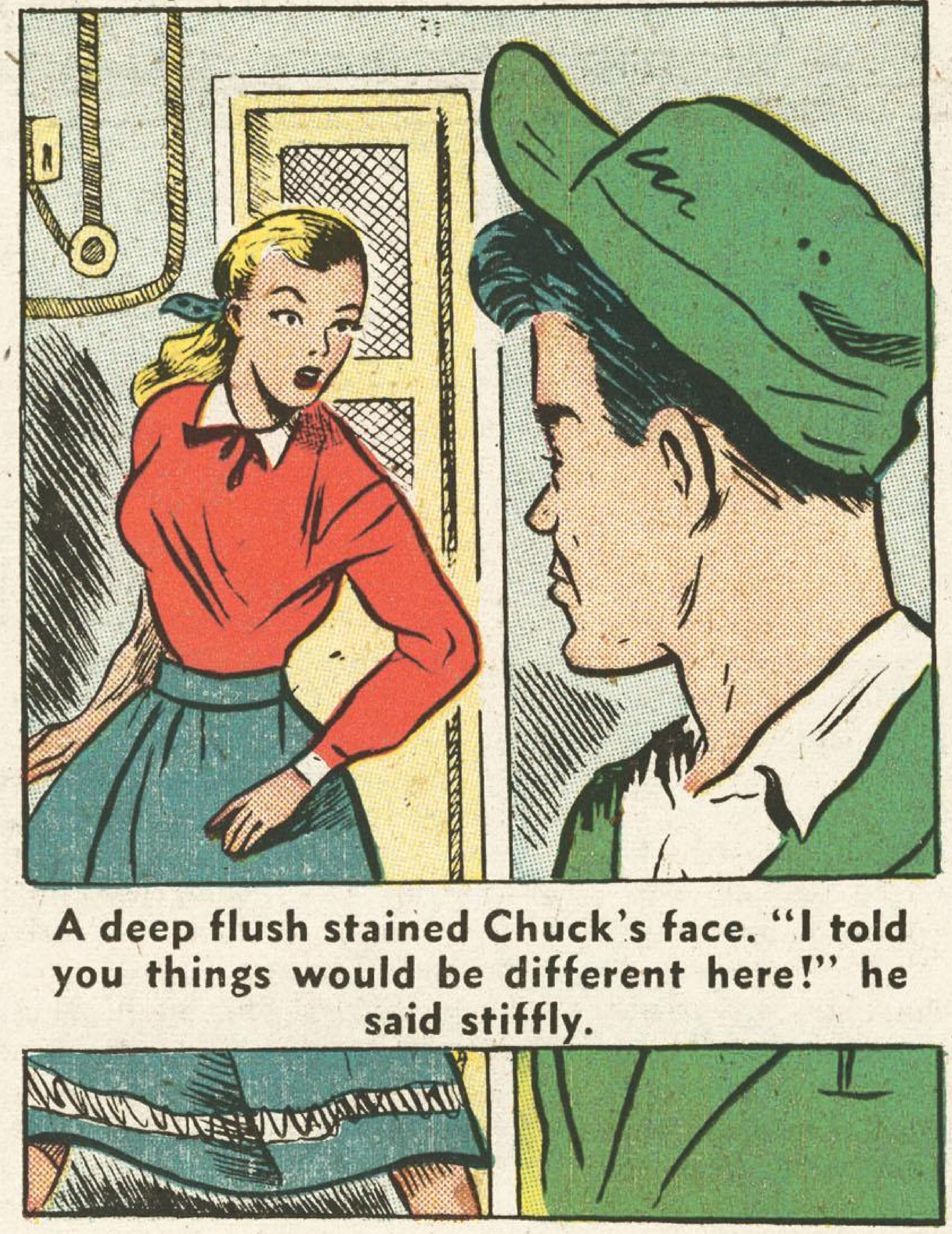
"That's where I go to school, Joyce!" Anne cried. "And Ruth, you know, Ruth Hancock, and

Helen and Brenda, too! And most of the boys who spend their summers here go to Lakehurst Military Academy. Why, Joyce, this is simply wonderful. You'll just have to meet the gang!"

Joyce's heart pounded. A mixture of hope and caution rose up inside her. "I—I'd love to," she said, "but well, I, that is—"

"No excuses," Anne said firmly. "Oh, why doesn't that waiter hurry with my order? There are simply dozens of things I have to show you."

Joyce moved through the rest of the day in sort of a dreamy, pink daze. She looked at old Lakehurst year books and studied Anne's drawings with great enthusiasm. But then, with a pang of doubt, she wondered if Anne's friendship would last after the arrival of the gang. For somehow, she couldn't quite forget the tactless remark Anne had made at lunch time.



A deep flush stained Chuck's face. "I told you things would be different here!" he said stiffly.

But during the next three days all her fears were dispelled. The gang arrived, one by one, and although she had known all of them in years past, it was only now that she was accepted as a friend.

And Lakehurst was the magic word that had broken down the barrier between them. Lakehurst. It was a very exclusive and very expensive school.

Joyce had announced proudly that her tuition was being paid by a scholarship. It hadn't seemed important to add that she would be dusting and washing dishes and waiting tables to pay for her room and board. It hadn't seemed important until the day she and Anne were sprawled out on the twin beds in her own room, fixing their nails and discussing school clothes.

"I think I'll take some old slacks," Joyce had said. "You know, for cleaning rooms and such."

And Anne had laughed. "Don't be a dope, Joyce. We have 'house girls' for that kind of stuff." She waved a carefully manicured hand. "They live in the little rooms at the end of the hall."

. . . Now Joyce sat up and gathered her beach bag, towels and sunglasses together. She should have told Anne then, she knew. But somehow she couldn't, because by that time she had met Chuck, and having Chuck as a friend had become one of the most important things in her life.

Joyce dressed carefully that night, combing her thick blond hair behind her ears, braiding it in two fat pigtails for comfort, and then tying each with a neat blue ribbon that exactly matched her peddle-pushers.

And as she dressed, she decided to tell Chuck first, before they got to the party. If he liked her well enough, if he didn't care if she was a 'house girl,' maybe he could persuade the others not to care either.

"Hey, Cookie, you look good enough to eat!" Chuck said as they swung down to the beach. And somehow she couldn't tell him after all . . . not just then. The moment was too perfect, with the sun a flaming circle being slowly swallowed by the ocean . . . the surf a gentle roar in her ears as baby whitecaps scampered and chuckled, playing on the beach.

As soon as they reached the rest of the picnickers, they were separated, Joyce going off with the girls to dig clams, Chuck helping build a huge, roaring fire in a previously prepared pit.

Once, while she and Anne were dumping clams, ears of corn, potatoes and chickens wrapped in cloth onto the sizzling rocks in the bottom of the pit, Anne said, "Gee, I can hardly wait to get back to Lakehurst. Think of it—just five more days! Won't it be fun, Joyce?"

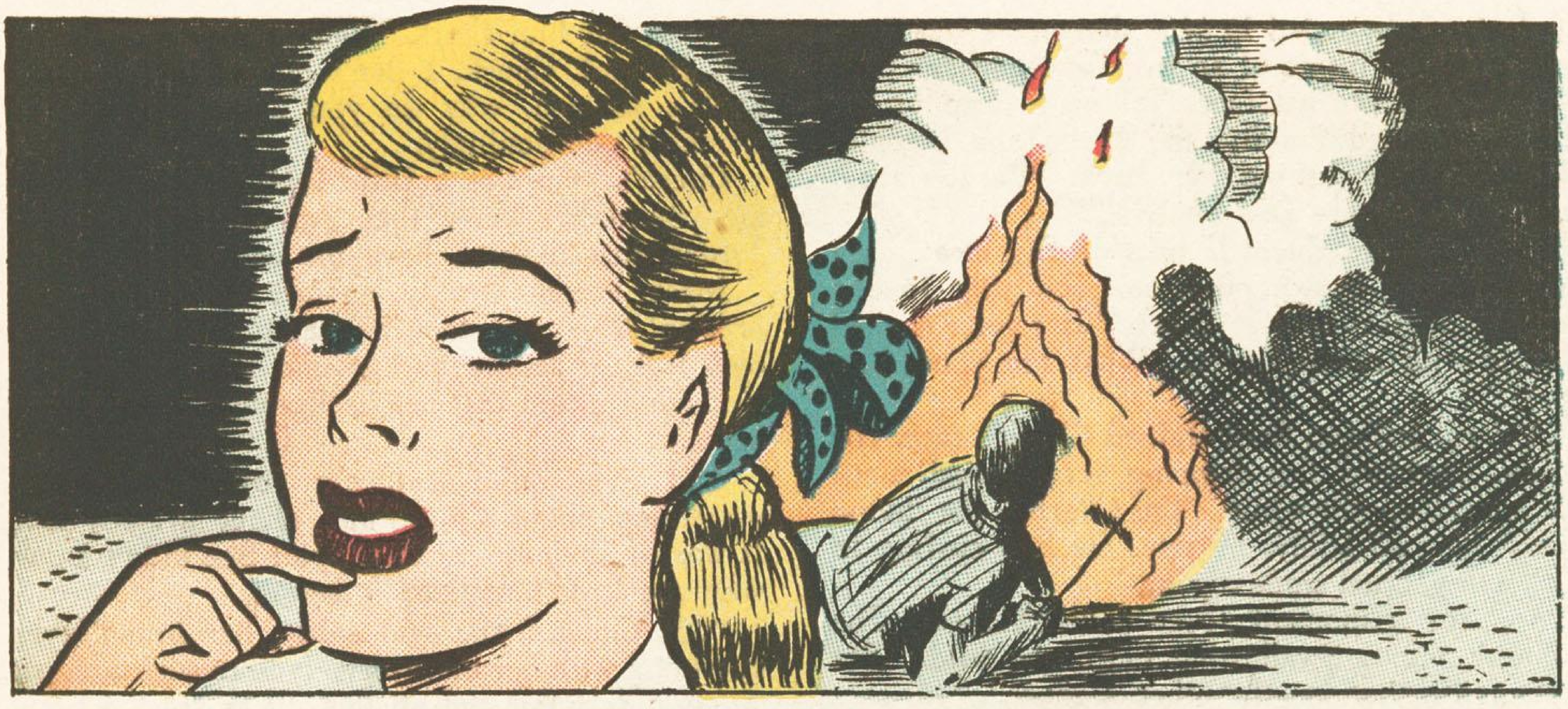
And Joyce nodded numbly, while her whole wonderful dream world seemed to crash and roar and thunder around her.

She got through the evening somehow. But the food all tasted like seaweed . . . and the singing, later, brought great tearing sobs to her throat. But it wasn't until Chuck suggested a walk along the beach that panic really gripped her. For now she knew the time had come when she must break her silence.

The sun had finally pulled its last crimson rays into the inky ocean, and now a great golden moon rode through the dusky night sky. Hundreds of its tiny moonbeam children frolicked with the frothy, silver-tipped waves that danced and bowed and pirouetted along the beach.

Joyce scuffed the toe of her worn loafer in the sand and tried not to listen to the distant nostalgic whisper of camp fire songs. "Beautiful night," she murmured automatically.

"Uh-huh," Chuck said. Then abruptly he stop-



The singing brought great, tearing sobs to Joyce's throat.

ped, turning to face the girl beside him. "Look, Joyce, there's something I've been meaning to say to you." He looked like a small boy standing there, his face troubled, a lock of dark hair falling over his forehead. But something about the set of his jaw sent a flame of alarm through Joyce.

She laughed nervously, and the panic within her was like a taut steel band tightening about her throat. "Me too," she whispered. "All night I've been trying to tell you something."

Chuck seemed not to have heard. "Gee, Joyce, you're such a swell girl, I don't know how to tell you this." In the moonlight she saw his facial muscles contort. "It's been fun being with you this summer. But at Lakehurst things are so different. There . . . there," he paused, his lips curling into a funny, cruel little smile that made Joyce's heart turn to stone. "Oh heck, if you don't have a good family background at Lakehurst, you just don't rate. So I think it'd be best if we didn't see one another anymore—at school I mean."

The band of panic tightened. The ocean waves were no longer dancers. They were great, ugly black beasts. And the camp fire music was loud mocking laughter.

So now she knew. It was all right to have a good time with someone beneath you, socially, at the beach. A summer romance. She'd heard of them. But at Lakehurst things were different. Lakehurst was exclusive, and proper, with smug little social groups . . . just as she had known and feared it would be all along. What a laugh the gang would get when they found out Chuck had been dating a 'house girl'!

She turned away from him wordlessly, and walked slowly back along the beach toward the others. A fine spray of salt water came in on an ocean breeze and brushed against her flushed cheeks, but Joyce scarcely felt it. At the first pit she stopped automatically to thank Anne for the evening, and then almost laughed at the irony of it.

Anne looked at her queerly. "Anything wrong between you and Chuck?"

Joyce nodded, biting her lower lip. "Everything," she whispered tonelessly.

Anne placed a comforting hand on Joyce's arm. "Look, Joyce, don't mind him. He gets 'uppity' about this time of the year." She laughed a little. "Thinks he's too good for us, I guess."

Joyce spent the next day sorting, mending, packing her clothes. Regular students wouldn't arrive at Lakehurst until Friday, but 'house girls' were to report on Wednesday to get some of the cleaning out of the way before enrollment.

She made no attempt to see or explain to Anne, for now that Chuck had made his declaration about family backgrounds, she no longer cared about the rest of the gang. Let them find out, be shocked, and whisper about her. It didn't matter any more.

On Wednesday she traveled by train to Lakehurst City, then by bus to the spacious rolling green campus. One of the other 'house girls' met her in the living room of the girls' dorm, showed Joyce her room, told her to report to Miss Lang for instructions and then promptly left.

Listlessly, Joyce pulled off her hat and gloves, opened her suitcase, hung up dresses and then walked down the empty, dusty corridors. She found Miss Lang polishing silver in the kitchen.

"I'm Joyce Carlisle," she said simply. "I was told to report to you."

Miss Lang flashed her a brief smile. "I'm glad to know you, Joyce." She shook the girl's limp, extended hand and then turned, brusque and business-like. "I'm sure you'll get along very well if you obey rules and work hard," she said crisply. "There's an apron and kerchief behind the door. You'll find Charles, our 'house boy,' in the back yard. He'll tell you what to do."

Joyce said, "Thank you," found the apron and kerchief, and without putting them on, swung down the back porch steps.

The afternoon air was clear and warm, motionless, save for a small stray breeze that now and then ruffled a graceful forsythia hedge. Just inside the hedge a boy clad in blue dungarees was busy scrubbing the inside of an oversized garbage pail. She couldn't see his face. Taking a deep breath she approached timidly, the apron and kerchief clasped tightly behind her back. "Pardon me," she said, "but are you Charles?"

The boy straightened, turned. His clear grey eyes met her brown ones, and suddenly Joyce's knees went all trembly. "Chuck!" Her voice choked a little with astonishment. "What are you doing here?"

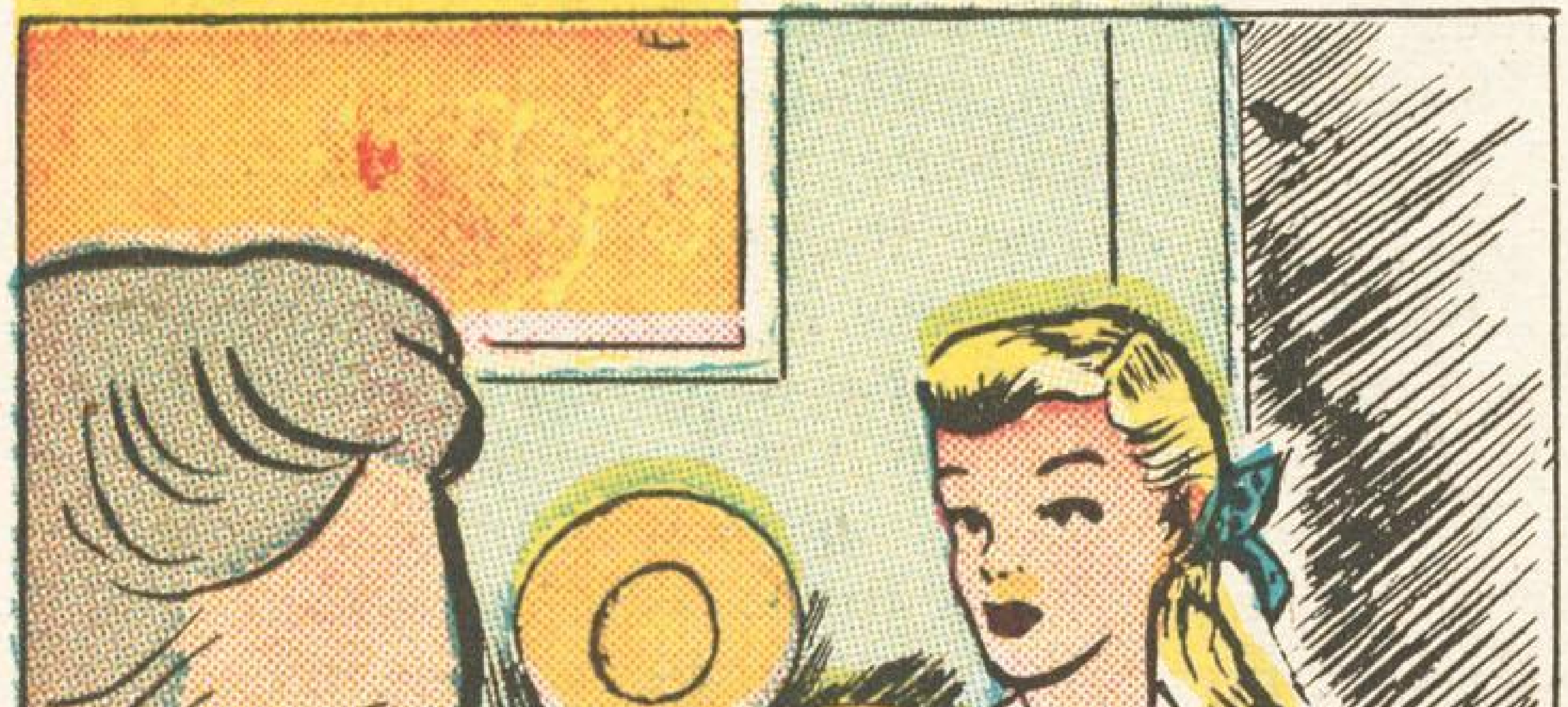
A deep, crimson flush stained Chuck's face. His fingers clenched the dripping scrub brush until his knuckles went white. "I'm Charles, the 'house boy'," he said stiffly, bitterly, his lips curling in that funny, cruel smile again.

And for a moment Joyce couldn't speak. She couldn't move. Swallowing hard, she said. "But I thought—that is—the other night—"

"I told you things would be different here," he said abruptly, his voice clipped. "You won't want to be seen at parties with a 'house boy'."

"But Chuck, that's not true, I—"

"Don't try to be noble!" Chuck said sharply. "During the summer it's different. I'm one of the gang then, because I work for Mr. Jordan. But here at Lakehurst—"



"I'm sure you'll get along very well here, if you obey rules and work hard!" Miss Lang said crisply.

Joyce cut him short. "You . . . you work for Mr. Jordan? Chuck, I don't understand. If your uncle's so rich, why do you . . .?" her brow wrinkled questioningly.

Chuck's grin was a little lopsided. "Don't tell me you didn't know that I'm an orphan? Mr. Jordan just likes to have me call him 'uncle'."

Joyce leaned weakly against the porch. An *orphan*! Then . . . then he was talking about his own lack of family background the other night. He hadn't meant that her background wasn't good enough.

And then quite suddenly Joyce understood something about Chuck and about herself, too. It was so obvious . . . so simple! She didn't know why she hadn't realized it before.

"Oh, Chuck," she said softly, her brown eyes sparkling with her discovery, "you're such a dope. Anne and Harry and all the others are the same here as they are at the beach. They haven't changed—it's you! Don't you see, you get all bitter and aloof because you're ashamed of scrubbing garbage pails! And you build a wall around yourself the others can't penetrate! Even if they want to, you don't give them a chance!"

Chuck squinted down at her, the hostility still in his eyes, his voice still bitter. "What do you know about it? You've never had to soil your pretty hands with a day's work in your life!"

"Haven't I?" Joyce laughed, and it was wonderful how bubbly she felt inside. Maybe Anne and Harry and the rest did say unkind things once in a while. But all of a sudden she realized that those remarks came from their thoughtlessness. Because they were so sure of their family's position, and so certain of having enough money, those things didn't mean anything to them. Their words hurt her, and hurt Chuck, because they were oversensitive . . . because they were ashamed of having to work for their education!

Still smiling, she tied the great, voluminous apron over her dress, tucked her heavy golden hair beneath the bandana. And as Chuck's expression turned from amazement to understanding, she said, "I'm Joyce Carlisle, the new 'house girl', reporting for work, Charles!"

And then suddenly their eyes met, and they laughed together. Chuck seemed to be lifting a great weight from his shoulders when he finally spoke.

"Joyce, the gang likes me because I'm Chuck Eberhart—not because I'm Mr. Jordan's nephew and don't have to worry about a bank account! Why didn't I see that before?"

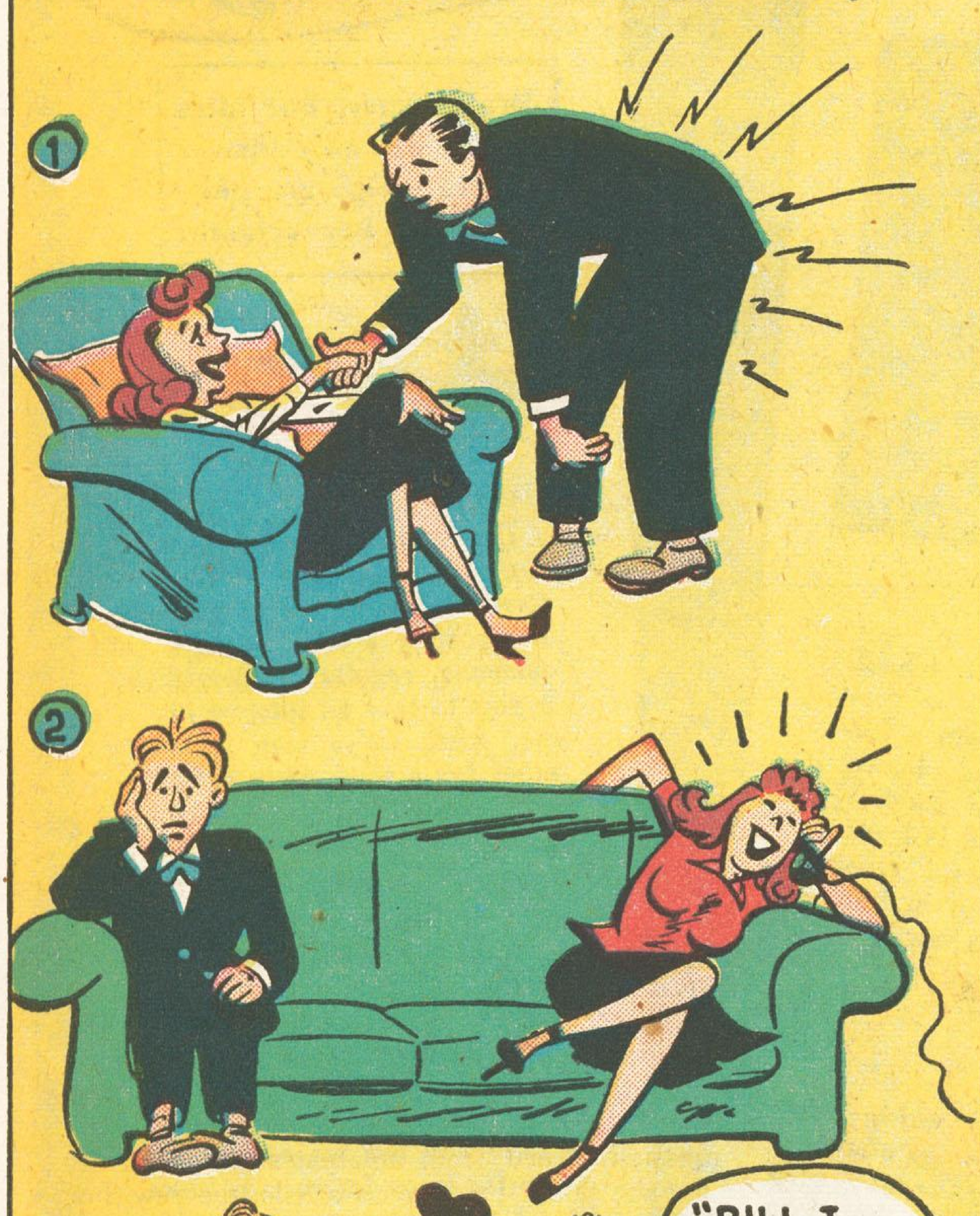
"Oh, Chuck, you're right! Our summer won't have to end . . . Lakehurst will just be a continuation of the beautiful times we had," she added happily.

And Joyce knew that there was no difference between Sea View and school, or between the crowd there and herself . . . and as long as she and Chuck were honest and friendly . . . and together!

THE END

TACT FACTS

HERE'S A BRAIN TEASER FOR TEENS—
ETIQUETT-ICALLY SPEAKING
WHAT'S WRONG WITH THESE SCENES?
THE ANSWERS WE'RE SEEKING!


①
②
③
"BILL, I WANT TO INTRODUCE YOU TO MARY WILLIAMS!"

ANSWERS:

1. ALWAYS STAND WHEN GREETING OR MEETING ANOTHER PERSON.
2. IT IS RUDE TO IGNORE YOUR DATE.
3. ALWAYS MENTION THE GIRL'S NAME FIRST. FOR EXAMPLE, "MARY, I'D LIKE YOU TO MEET BILL."

FOOD FOR FUN

CARAMEL FROSTING . . .

Here's a happy answer to that nagging sweet-tooth of yours. It's a fool-proof caramel frosting for your favorite white cake.

Combine 1 to 1¼ cups of brown sugar with ¼ of a cup of granulated sugar in a saucepan. Bring the sugars slowly to a boil. Wipe crystals and sugar from the sides of the pan and boil to the long thread stage, which is 238 degrees, if you use a candy thermometer.

Beat the whites of two eggs with ¼ of a teaspoon of salt until stiff, then add the syrup, beating it in gradually. Set pan containing the mixture over hot water and let cook, being sure to stir every minute. When the mixture becomes granular on the sides of the pan, take it off the heat quickly, add a teaspoon of vanilla and beat with a spoon until the frosting becomes smooth enough to spread quickly on cakes.

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For Girls Only!

Are these gray . . . or golden days for you? Are you seeing red and feeling blue? Or is your lovelife a rosy-pink hue? Don't keep it inside—let me know, too!

Personally yours,

Polly Parker

Dear Polly,

In my class at school, there's a boy who is very nice. He comes from a foreign country and barely speaks a word of English, but he's smart and is learning quickly. Several other girls are interested in him, too. Please tell me how I can win him.

T. H.

Dear T. H.

The props are waiting for you, so take advantage of them! Here is an attractive boy who is most probably feeling lost and strange in a new country. Isn't it obvious that he would be grateful for your friendship?

Let him know that you'd be glad to tutor him in his English pronunciation—perhaps in exchange for lessons in the history, or art, or language of his country. Make him feel as if *he* has something to give you, too. Introduce him to your crowd and include him in your get-togethers. And when he catches on to our American custom of dating, isn't it natural that you'll be the first girl he'll want to take out?

We're sorry, but Miss Parker can only answer letters which are published in her column.

Dear Polly,

I'm very fond of a boy named Gerald, but he goes steady with another girl. Every time I start to date someone regularly, Gerald begins to take an interest in me. After we've seen each other for a week or two, he goes back to his steady again. I still like him very much. What can I do to hold him?

C. S.

Dear C. S.,

The problem is to find out *why* he leaves you and *why* he comes back. Here's the answer: he likes you but leaves you because he loses interest as soon as he realizes that you're his private property. And since you can't help showing that you're so crazy about him, he wanders off. The second he sees you back in the social swirl, he wonders what he's missed and comes roaring back like a Diesel-powered locomotive! This time, however—and here's your answer—you shouldn't be so eager to see him! Don't toss your other admirers aside and gaze lovingly into his amazed eyes! String him along, and give him a date once in a while but *keep dating* other fellows, too! Learn to hold his interest and hold it smoothly.

POLLY PARKER

Dear Polly,

I'm in love with a boy named Hal. Although he says that he doesn't care for me, he comes to see me all the time. When I was ill, Hal visited twice a day and seemed sincerely worried about my health. But he keeps telling me about all the other girls he likes. What can I do?

B. L. B.

Dear B. L. B.,

Could be that Hal wants you to be an anxious miss, never quite sure of his affection. It's just his way of telling you that he's not devoting all his sweet thoughts to one particular girl.

It looks, though, as if he really doesn't mean it. Judging from his behavior, we'd says he seems really smitten! And as long as he's cramming your date book with plans, you shouldn't lose any beauty rest worrying about the fact that his conversation isn't punctuated with words of love!

* * *

Dear Polly,

I am only eleven years old, and I have fallen in love with a boy the same age. My boy friend is not good-looking, but he is very likeable. Do you think that we are too young for romance?

H. R.

Dear H. R.,

You're certainly not too young to like someone and to be liked in return. But limiting yourself to one such friendship is unwise. Both of you will want to meet and know many other boys and girls before you're ready for real romance, so concentrate on having a good time with everyone!

Dear Polly,

While I was staying at my cousin's house, I met her boy friend. I don't want to take him away from her, but I can't get him off my mind. What do you think I should do?

E. L. M.

Dear E. L. M.,

You'd better file those dreams of yours in the wastebasket and forget him! If the lad had shown some interest in you, you might have a problem. As it is, he's still dating your cousin, and brazen beau-snatching is not becoming!

* * *

Dear Polly,

I'm fourteen years old. I know that I would be more attractive and popular if I were slender. Do you have any suggestions for losing weight besides exercise and diets?

S. F. H.

Dear S. F. H.,

There's no magic formula for popping off those extra pounds . . . but a little self-discipline might help! Be firm and say NO! when the gang stops in for chocolate malteds at the corner drugstore . . . or go along and sip some grape juice instead.

And if you're tempted around the house—it's because you're bored. So stifle every urge for a bedtime or after-school snack by diving into a magazine, or a quart of water!

Then, if you find that your scale is *still* sneering at you, perhaps your family physician can give you some advice.

Send your letters to:
Polly Parker
Suite 1404
350 Fifth Avenue
New York 1, New York

WHIZZ

1 **Why don't you try matching the following songs with the correct composers some Sunday afternoon?**

1. Night and Day
2. Oklahoma
3. Desert Song
4. Holiday for Strings
5. Stardust
6. Tea for Two
7. Embraceable You
8. Smoke Gets in Your Eyes
9. God Bless America
10. Ah. Sweet Mystery of Life

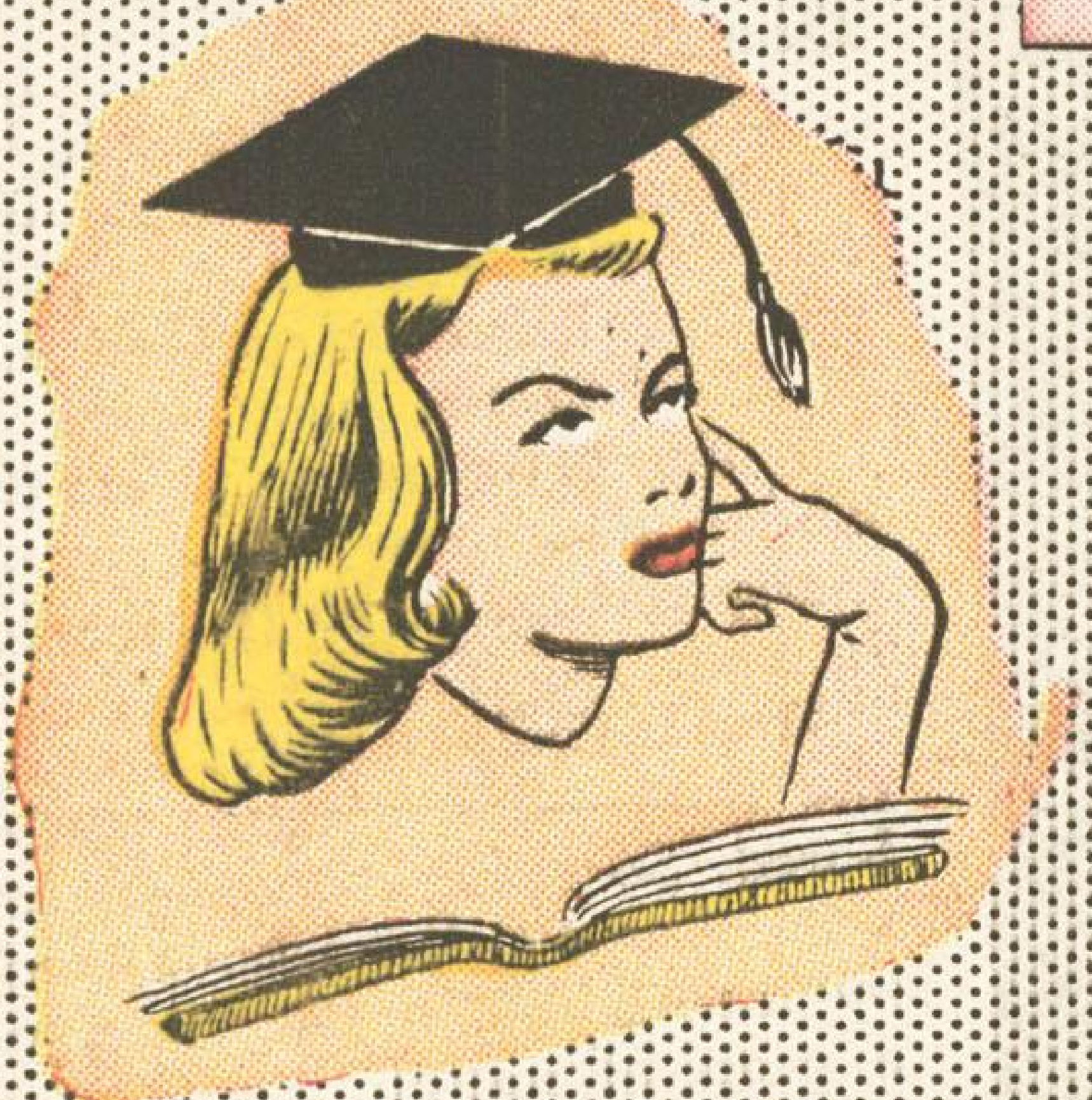
a. Kern
b. Romberg
c. Carmichael
d. Herbert
e. Gershwin
f. Berlin
g. R. Rodgers
h. D. Rose
i. Porter
j. Youmans

2 **Supply the exact opposite of the following words—but make certain the words you choose begin with the letter 's'. Example: fat, skinny.**

1. brother
2. sweet
3. fast
4. hard
5. rain
6. tall
7. rough
8. smart
9. doubtful
10. daughter

3 **This quiz should be a snap for you! Complete these well-known proverbs.**

1. A rolling ______ gathers no ______
2. Virtue is its own ______.
3. A ______ in time saves ______.
4. Look before you ______.
5. ______ waters run deep.
6. Out of ______, out of ______.
7. ______ makes the heart grow ______.
8. Too many ______ spoil the ______.
9. ______ rush in where ______ fear to tread.
10. Don't count your ______ before they ______.



ANSWERS TO 1: 1—i, 2—g, 3—b, 4—h, 5—c, 6—j, 7—e, 8—a, 9—f, 10—d.

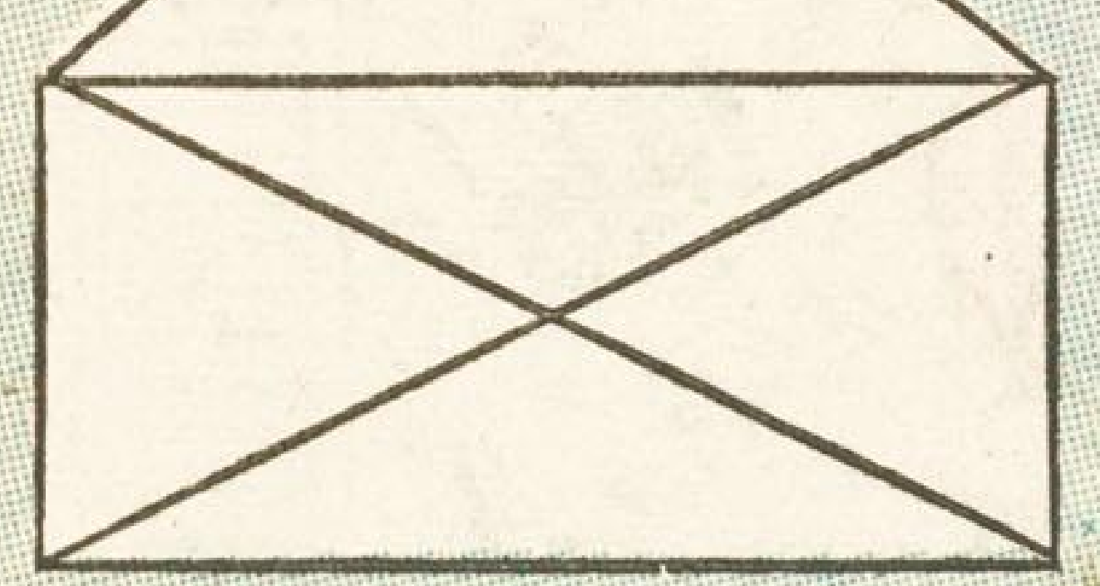
ANSWERS TO 2: 1—sister, 2—sour, 3—slow, 4—soft, 5—sunshine, 6—short, 7—smooth, 8—stupid, 9—sure, 10—son.

ANSWERS TO 3: 1—stone, moss, 2—reward, 3—stitch, nine, 4—leap, 5—Still, 6—sight, mind, 7—Absence, fonder, 8—cooks, broth, 9—Fools, angels, 10—chickens, hatch.

QUIZZ

4 **Can you draw a diagram of an envelope with open flap without lifting your pencil from the paper?**

This is what you should draw.



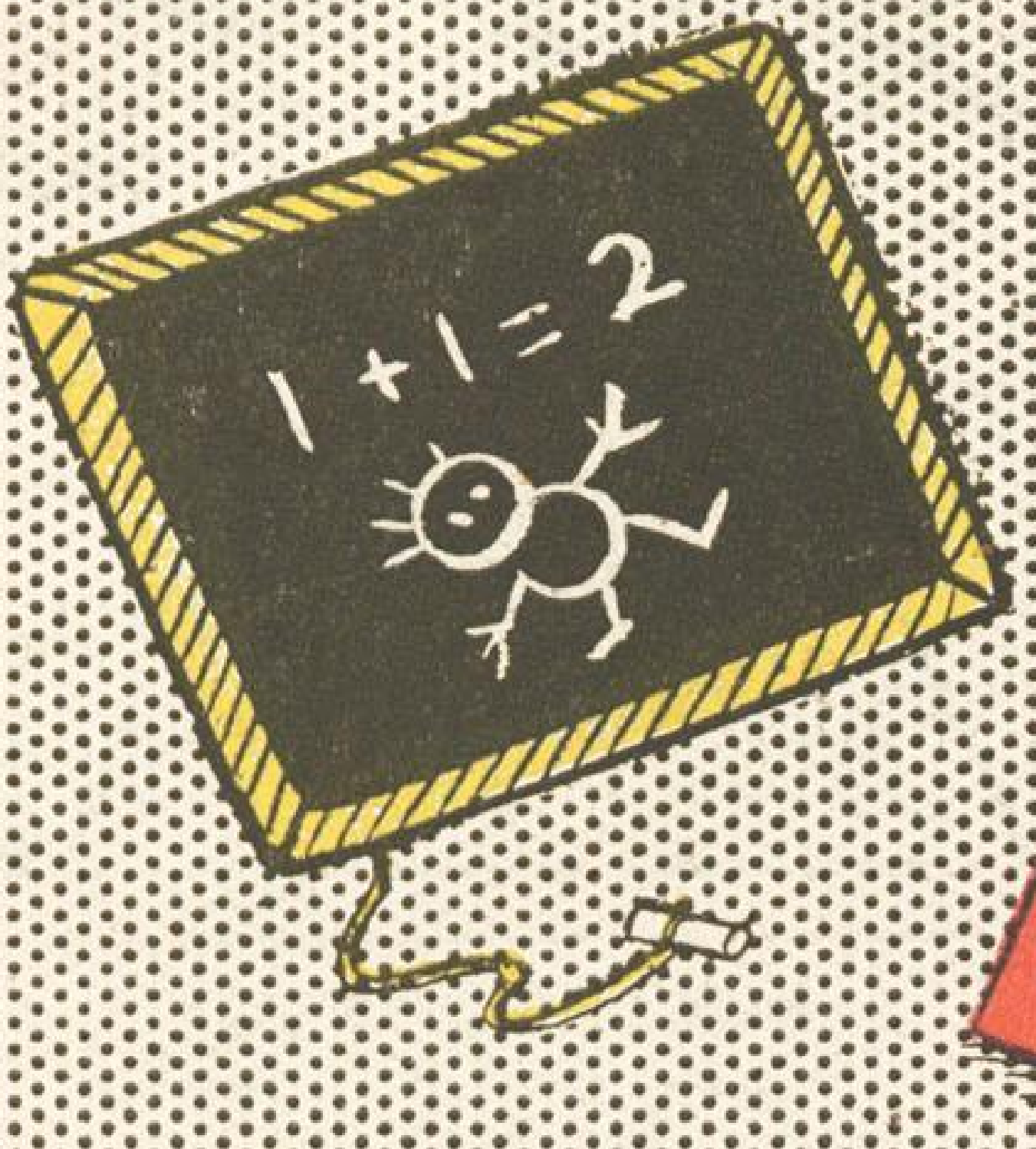
5 **Do these names look familiar, but a little confusing? If they do, you'd better unscramble them—but fast!**

1. Jerry Durante
2. Joe E. Auer
3. Cass Hope
4. Bob Kaye
5. Danny Carson
6. Joan Bracken
7. Mischa Daley
8. Jimmy Davis
9. Jack Brown
10. Eddie Colonna

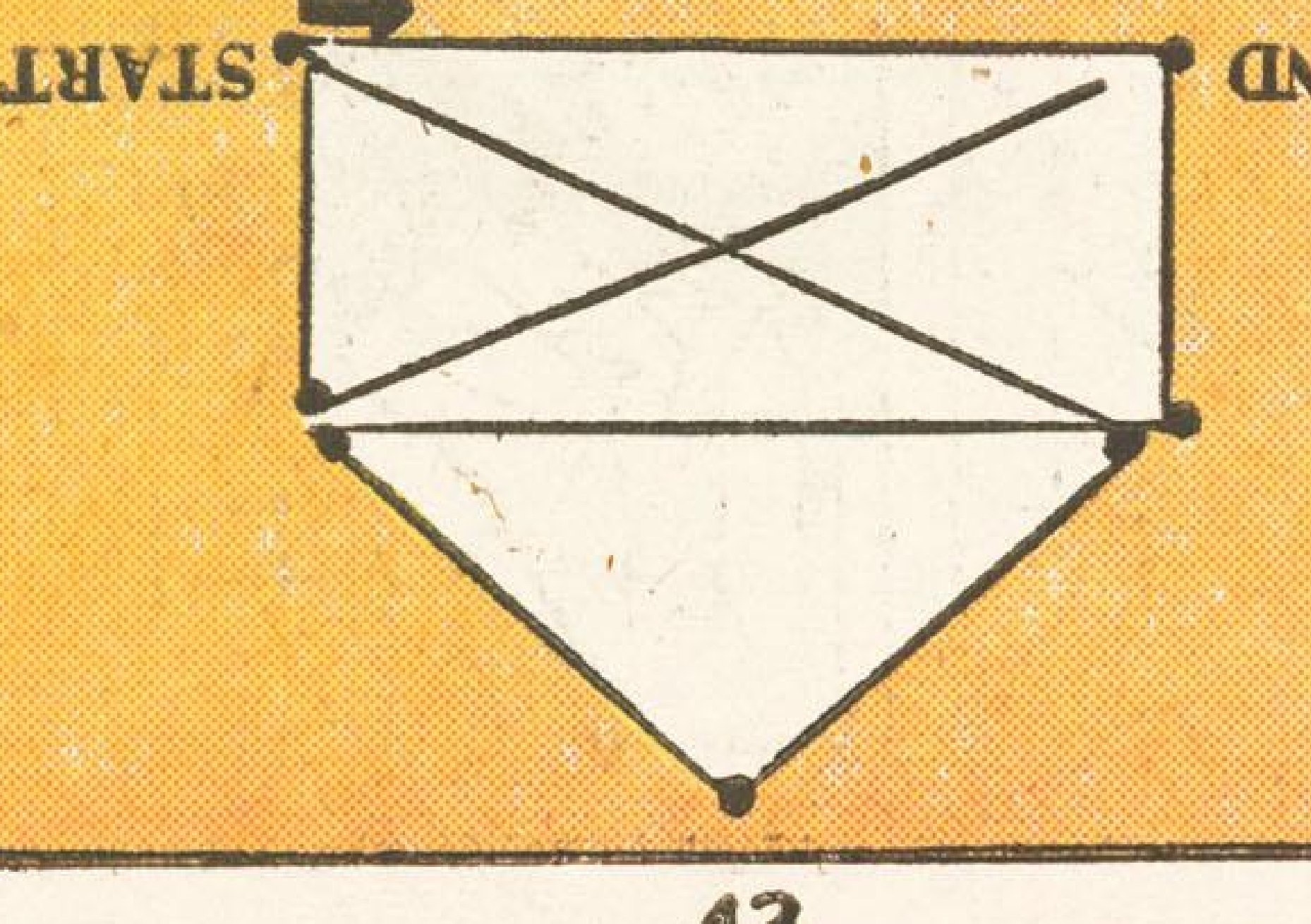
6 **If you went exploring with the following men, where would you go?**

1. Marco Polo
2. Peary
3. De Soto
4. Cartier
5. Pizarro
6. Balboa
7. Cortez
8. Vasco da Gama
9. Ponce de León
10. Lewis and Clark

a. Pacific Ocean
b. Mexico
c. Peru
d. Florida
e. China
f. India
g. Mississippi River
h. St. Lawrence River
i. Greenland
j. U.S. Northwest



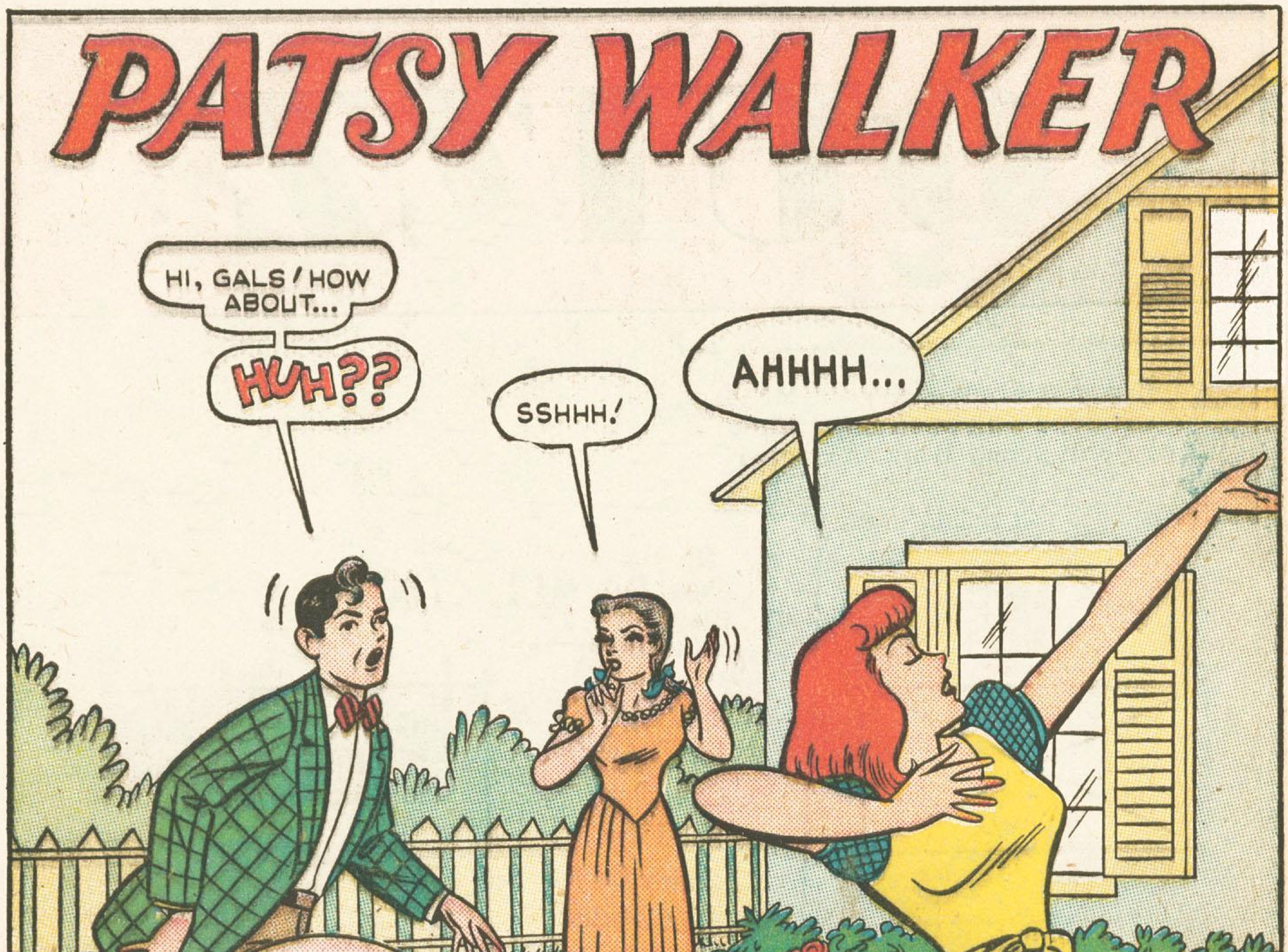
ANSWER TO 4:

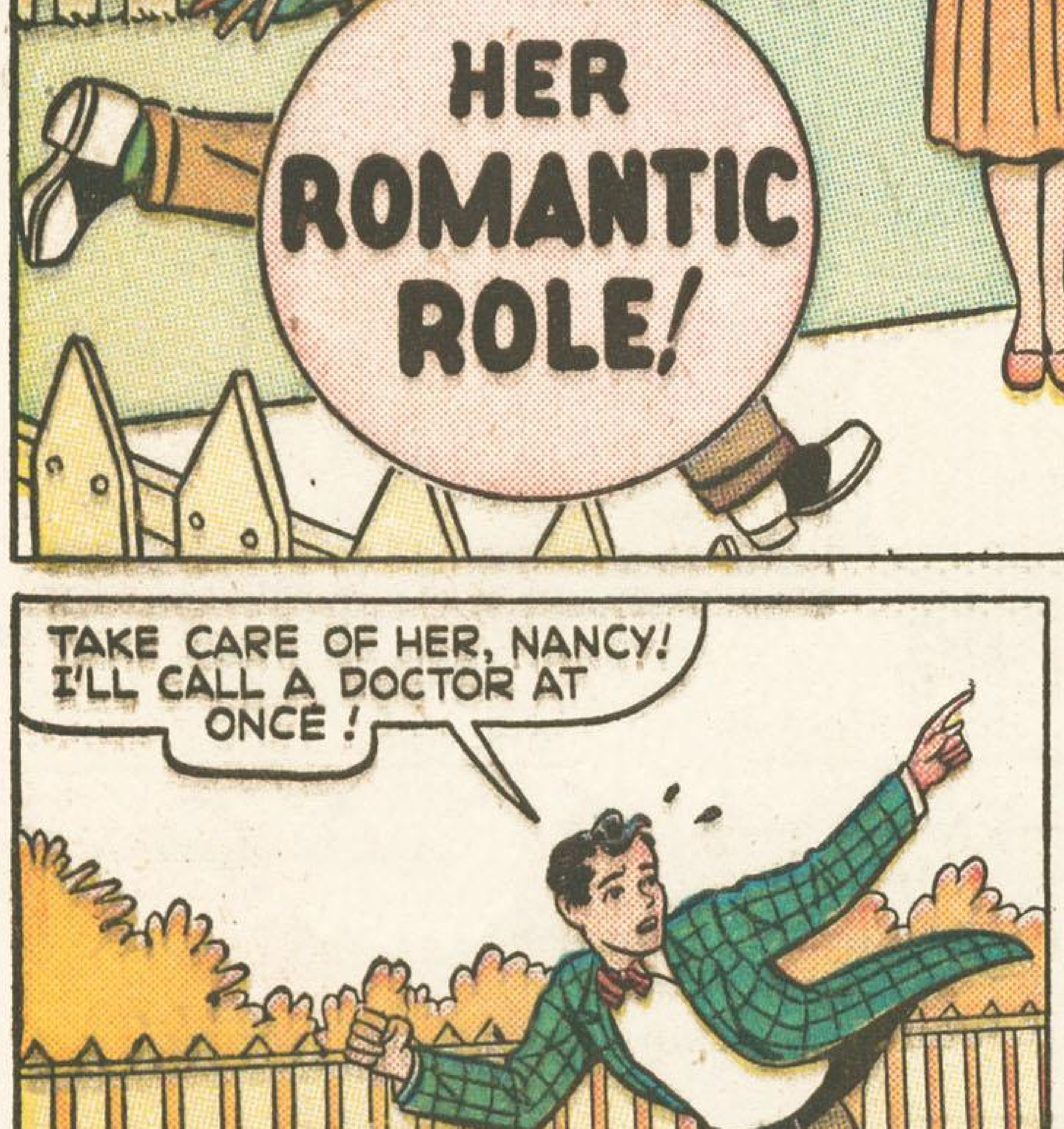


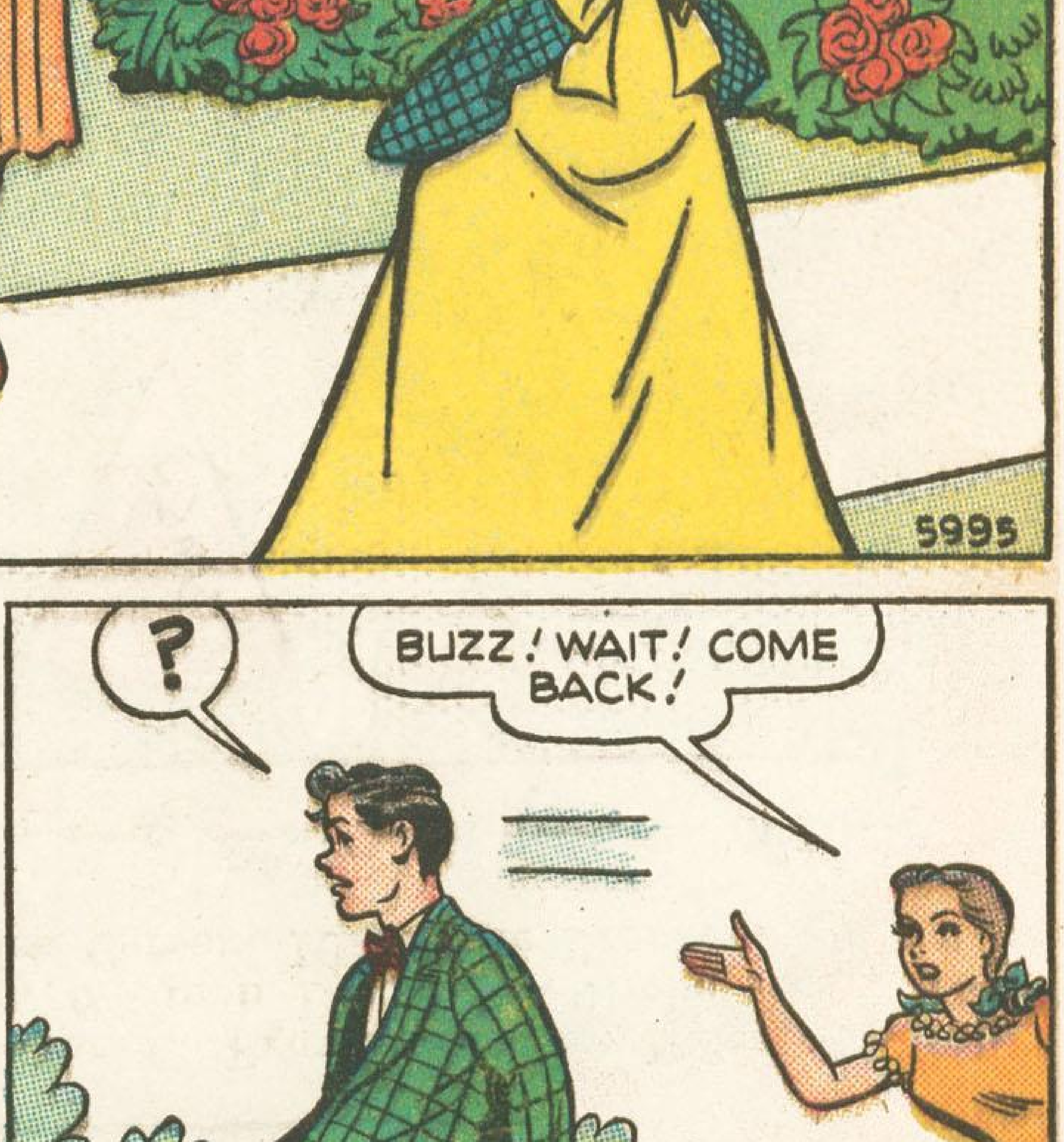
ANSWERS TO 5: 1—Jerry Colonna, 2—Joe E. Brown, 3—Cass Daley, 4—Bob Hope, 5—Danny Kaye, 6—Joan Davis, 7—Mischa Auer, 8—Jimmy Durante, 9—Jack Carson, 10—Eddie Bracken.

ANSWERS TO 6: 1—e, 2—i, 3—g, 4—h, 5—c, 6—a, 7—b, 8—f, 9—d, 10—j.

PATSY WALKER


HI, GALS! HOW ABOUT...
HUH??
SSHHH!
AHHHH...
HER ROMANTIC ROLE!
5995


TAKE CARE OF HER, NANCY! I'LL CALL A DOCTOR AT ONCE!


?
BUZZ! WAIT! COME BACK!

THE SCHOOL DRAMATIC CLUB MEETS TODAY AND PATSY IS PRACTICING ACTING!
WELL, I'LL BE... PATSY, YOU'RE TERRIFIC!
THAT DEATH SCENE YOU JUST PLAYED WAS UNMISTAKABLE!
THANKS...BUT THAT HAPPENED TO BE THE GREAT LOVE SCENE!
OH!
YOU'D BETTER STICK TO THE DEATH SCENE, PATSY, BECAUSE THAT'S WHAT YOUR CHANCES OF A PART IN THE SCHOOL SHOW WILL BE!
YOU CAN REST ASSURED THAT MISS TWOMBLY WILL RECOGNIZE REAL TALENT AND WILL GIVE ME THE BEST ROLE!
IF IT'S THE STORY OF ADAM AND EVE, I'M SURE YOU'LL BE THE SNAKE!
VERY FUNNY! BUT OPENING NIGHT, WHEN EVERYONE IN TOWN IS WATCHING, YOU'LL BURN WHEN YOU HEAR THE APPLAUSE I GET!
NOBODY'S TASTE IS THAT BAD!
COME ON, NANCY-- IT'S TIME TO GO!
RIGHT! THIS PERFORMANCE BY MISS WOLFE IS BECOMING BORING ANYWAY!
2

WHAT MODESTY THAT HEDY HAS! SHE MAKES ME LAUGH!
YEAH! SHE'S AS FUNNY AS A BUSTED LEG! WHEN SHE ACTS LIKE THAT I SMELL A RAT-- AND I **DO** MEAN HEDY!
ALL I HAVE TO DO IS FIND OUT WHAT THE BEST ROLE IS, AND THEN I'LL GET DADDY TO PUT THE PRESSURE ON MISS TWOMBLY! SHE KNOWS HE'S A MEMBER OF THE SCHOOL BOARD AND SHE'LL COOPERATE!
LATER...
I HAVE BAD NEWS--THE ONLY TIME WE CAN HAVE THE AUDITORIUM IS TONIGHT! THAT MEANS NO TIME FOR REHEARSALS!
BUT WITH YOUR COÖPERATION, I'M SURE WE CAN PUT ON A GOOD PLAY TONIGHT!
CAN WE EACH HAVE A SCRIPT, MISS TWOMBLY?
NO, I DIDN'T HAVE TIME TO TYPE THEM UP! BUT I DID MANAGE TO TYPE EACH PART SEPARATELY AND I'VE ASSIGNED STUDENTS TO EACH ROLE! YOU MAY PICK THEM UP AS YOU LEAVE!
IF YOU MEMORIZE YOUR LINES AND CUES CAREFULLY, I'M SURE EVERYTHING WILL RUN AS IF WE ALL REHEARSED TOGETHER!
HERE'S MINE-- I'VE GOT THE PART OF "DOLLY"!
3

AND HERE'S YOUR PART, PATSY--YOU WILL BE "EFFIE"! I'D LIKE TO SEE YOU LATER AND EXPLAIN SOMETHING ABOUT IT, DEAR!
ALL RIGHT, MISS TWOMBLY!
HMM...I WONDER WHAT THEY'VE COOKED UP! MISS TWOMBLY HASN'T LIKED ME BECAUSE OF WHAT HAPPENED LAST YEAR! I'LL BET SHE'S TRYING TO PULL SOMETHING!
...AND NOW YOU REALIZE WHY I GAVE YOU THIS PART! HEDY WOULD UNDERSTAND...AND I'M SURE YOU'LL DO A GOOD JOB!
I UNDERSTAND, MISS TWOMBLY!
I STILL CAN'T HEAR THEM!
I'D HAVE TO BE OUT OF MY MIND FIRST, BEFORE I'D GIVE A PART LIKE THIS TO HEDY!
AHA! JUST AS I THOUGHT!
I'M SURE YOU'LL MAKE THE PART OF "EFFIE" UNFORGETTABLE!
IF I DON'T, IT WON'T BE BECAUSE I DIDN'T TRY!
WHEN DADDY GETS THROUGH, THEY'LL BOTH BE SORRY THEY EVER TRIED TO FOOL WITH ME!
4

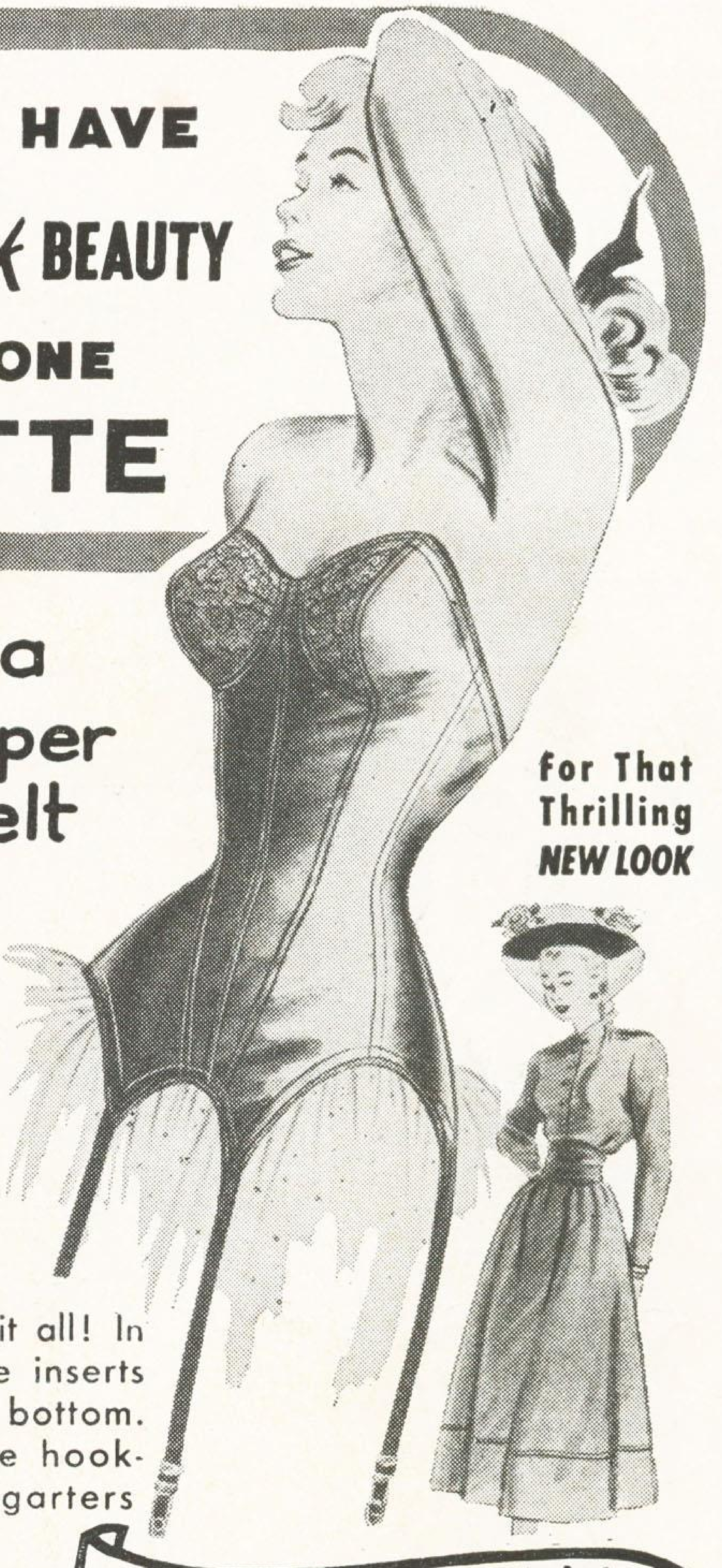
...AND SHE TRIED TO STICK ME WITH THE MEASLY OLD ROLE OF "DOLLY"!
OH, SHE DID, DID SHE? I'LL SOON TAKE CARE OF MISS TWOMBLY, BABY!
...AND I MIGHT ADD THAT IF HEDY DOESN'T PLAY THE PART OF "EFFIE," MISS TWOMBLY, YOU WILL BE PLAYING THE VERY REAL ROLE OF AN UNEMPLOYED SCHOOL TEACHER!
DID IT WORK, DADDY?
AND HOW! SHE MUST REALLY BE SCARED OF ME! THIS TIME SHE EVEN SEEMED ANXIOUS TO DO AS I SAID!
LATER...
I CAME OVER AS SOON AS YOU CALLED, MISS TWOMBLY! I'VE ALREADY MEMORIZED MY ROLE!
HA! HA! HA!
I'M AFRAID YOU'VE WASTED YOUR TIME, PATSY! YOU AND HEDY MUST CHANGE SCRIPTS!
SHE'S WASTING HER TIME WHEN SHE TRIES TO ACT IN *ANY* ROLE!
?
BUT, MISS TWOMBLY, I THOUGHT...
I KNOW, PATSY! BUT I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT ALL, EITHER!
6

I DON'T KNOW WHY SHE WANTED YOUR SCRIPT WHEN SHE DIDN'T EVEN KNOW WHAT WAS IN IT!
SHE JUST NATURALLY WANTS WHAT OTHER PEOPLE HAVE!
THAT NIGHT...
GOLLY! THE AUDITORIUM IS PACKED! IT'S AMAZING... CONSIDERING THAT THE TICKETS WENT ON SALE ON SUCH SHORT NOTICE!
IT'S NOT SO AMAZING WHEN YOU KNOW THE FACTS!
I FOUND OUT THAT OUR MODEST LITTLE FRIEND, HEDY, HAD HER FATHER BUY LOADS OF TICKETS WHICH THEY GAVE TO EVERYONE FREE!
IF HEDY CAN'T WIN AN AUDIENCE-- SHE BUYS IT!
AND SPEAKING OF GREAT ACTRESSES, HERE COMES MISS MOUSE HERSELF!
YOU OUGHT TO KNOW, YOU BIG PIECE OF CHEESE!
AND I MIGHT ADD THAT YOU TWO GO WELL TOGETHER-- "HAM AND CHEESE!" HA! HA! HA!
A COMEDIENNE YET! WITH TALENT LIKE THAT, YOU'LL EMPTY THE THEATRE FASTER THAN A THREE ALARM FIRE!
NOW REMEMBER, GIRLS--LISTEN FOR YOUR CUES!
YES, MISS TWOMBLY! I GO ON WHEN I HEAR--"WHERE IS DOLLY?"
...AND I GO ON WHEN I HEAR-- "THE WAY IS CLEAR!"
6

ACT I...
MY LOVE BURNS WITH VOLCANIC FURY! **WHERE IS DOLLY?**
HERE, BELOVED!
ACT II...
THERE IS NO HOPE FOR US, MY SWEET DOLLY!
YES, I KNOW! MY WICKED STEPSISTER, EFFIE, HAS WRECKED OUR PLANS!
ARE YOU READY, HEDY...YOU GO ON SOON!
IT'S ABOUT TIME-- THE PLAY IS ALMOST OVER!
ACT III...
WE'VE SOLVED ALL OUR PROBLEMS, DEAREST! AT LAST **THE WAY IS CLEAR!**
NOT SO FAST, PERCIVAL! YOU DIDN'T FIGURE ON ME!
OH, YES I DID!
CURTAIN!
HA! HA! HA! HA! HA! HA! HA!
HEDY'S THE LAUGHING STOCK IN TOWN AND YOU'RE A STAR, PATSY! LUCKY FOR YOU THAT YOU HAD THE ROLE OF "DOLLY"!
I GUESS IT WAS! MISS TWOMBLY ORIGINALLY GAVE THAT PART TO HEDY BECAUSE SHE WAS AFRAID OF HEDY'S FATHER! WE WERE BOTH AMAZED WHEN HEDY TRADED ROLES WITH ME!
THE END

Now YOU CAN HAVE DARING *Newest Look* BEAUTY WITH ALL-IN-ONE

TRI-LETTE



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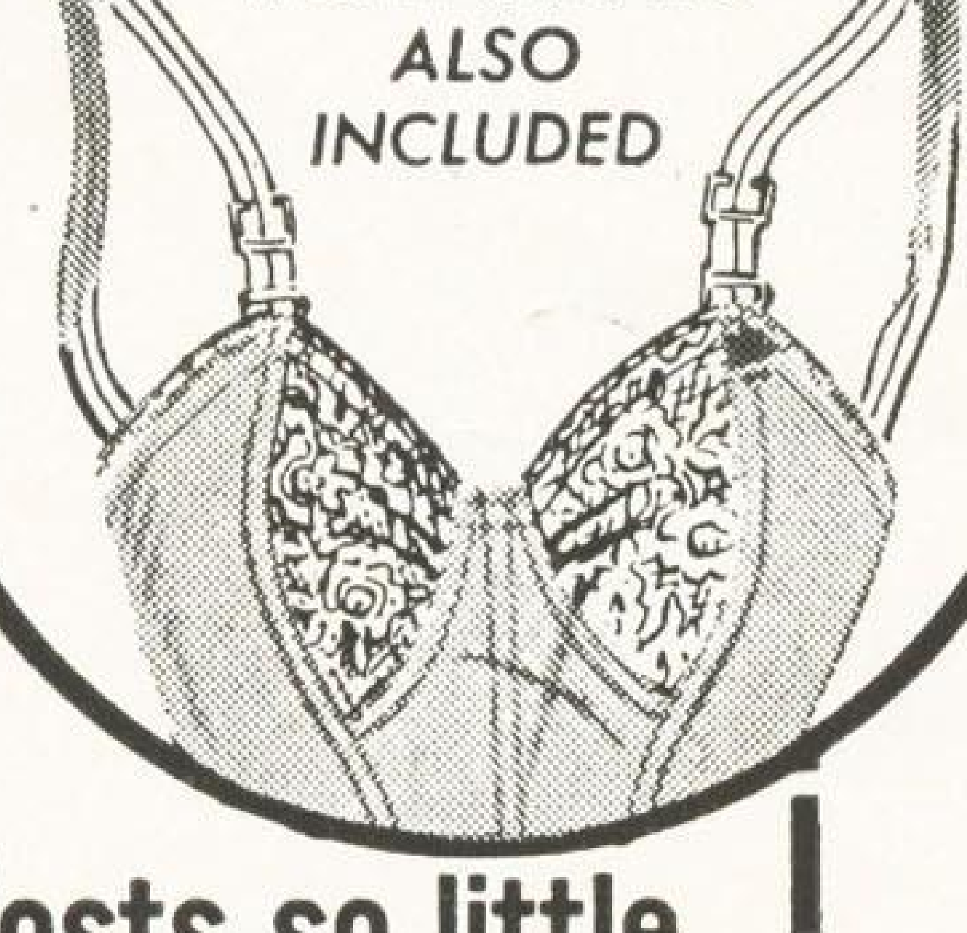

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Address________________________
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Reducing Specialist Says:

"Thanks to the Spot Reducer, I lost four inches around the hips and three inches around the waistline. It's amazing." Mary Martin, Long Island City, N. Y.

DON'T STAY FAT...LOSE POUNDS AND INCHES

SAFELY- WITHOUT RISKING HEALTH

REDUCE

most any part of the body with

SPOT REDUCER

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DOCTORS PROVE BY ACTUAL TEST THAT THIS EASY TO USE SPOT REDUCER HELPS LOSE POUNDS AND INCHES WHERE IT SHOWS MOST. Yes . . . Doctors say that this method of reducing will help you lose weight easily, pleasantly, safely. Nothing internal to take, No pills, laxatives or harmful drugs. Just think of it you can lose weight in SPOTS, just in the places it shows most. All you do is follow the instructions of this amazing, new, scientifically designed SPOT REDUCER.

HOW SPOT REDUCER WORKS. The Spot Reducer uses the age old principle of massage. It breaks down excess fatty tissue, tones the muscles and flesh and the increased awakened blood circulation carries away waste fat economically, simply, pleasantly. In a recent Medical Book, edited by the chairman and two other members of Council on Physical Therapy of AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, the following is stated on page 34, Chapter 18, Vol. 3.: "Beyond all question something can be done by massage to reduce local deposits of FAT . . . There can however, be no question that massage applied to the region of the HIPS can and does, reduce the amount of fatty deposits in this region". This book is a reliable unbiased source of information and many doctors refer to it for the last word in Physical Therapy. This prompted us to develop and have doctors test the SPOT REDUCER.

HERE IS PROOF POSITIVE THAT THE SPOT REDUCER WORKS!

In recent tests made by outstanding licensed Medical Doctors on more than 100 people with the use of Spot Reducer everyone lost pounds and inches in a few short weeks, in HIPS, ABDOMEN, LEGS, ARMS, BUTTOCKS, etc. And the users say: "IT WAS FUN AND THEY ENJOYED IT." The Spot Reducer worked as well on men as it did on women. The Spot Reducer way controls weight, once down to normal it helps retain your new "SLIM FIGURE" as long as you like. Look and feel better, see bulges disappear within the first weeks. The beauty of this scientifically designed SPOT REDUCER is that the method is so simple and easy, the results quick, sure and harmless. Thousands have lost weight this way in hips, abdomen, legs, arms, buttocks, etc. The same method used by stage, screen and radio personalities and leading reducing salons. The Spot Reducer can be used in the privacy of your own room in your spare time.

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